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WHERE DOES THE NEW YEAR FIND US?

WE have wished to say a few words to the readers of the *Miscellany* as we begin together a new volume with the commencement of a new year. But so many things lift themselves into notice, whether we look at the past or the future, when any such purpose is entertained, that we are tempted to relinquish our design. The past year will be memorable in the annals of the world. It has not been marked by military achievements, unless the success of Great Britain in her shameful war with China present an exception; but the fact that the peace of Europe has been unbroken and our own country been saved from the curse of battle deserves grateful mention and permanent record. Events have occurred which will render the last year conspicuous in the annals of misfortune. The elements have been permitted by Him who rules over the world to cause fearful destruction of life and property. The earthquake at Hayti, the fire at Hamburg, the terrible disaster on the rail-road from Versailles to Paris, are calamities that mark centuries. The Providence of God has been seen in other events that should bear instruction to the hearts of men. The death of the heir to the French throne under the circumstances which gave such a thrilling interest to the tale, and at a time when the stability of existing institutions was thought to be interwoven with his life,

may yet be productive of serious consequences. Recently within our own land a light has been removed in whose illumination, as it fell on great questions of truth and duty, the wise and good rejoiced throughout the world.

The history of the United States the last twelve months offers many instructive lessons to the Christian as well as the politician. The depression of business, the prevalent uneasiness, the greater economy in their habits of life to which multitudes have been driven, and the loss of property or of employment to which others have been reduced, are facts which a thoughtful man or a sober-minded people will not let pass without drawing from them profitable counsel. The change in the relations of political parties is fruitful in suggestion to those who control public opinion, or who allow themselves to be led by it. The examples of dishonesty and crime which have arisen in different parts of the country reveal an extent of unprincipled character that may cause many a sanguine heart to distrust its hopes for our future progress. Still the year has not failed to give us occasions for rejoicing. Health has prevailed throughout the land, and on the whole order and law have been respected. A treaty has been signed between our Government and one of the most powerful nations of the globe, which has averted the horrors of war, and afforded an example pregnant, we cannot but think, with vast good to the nations of Christendom. God has given us abundant harvests, and a judicious spirit of enterprise, even under circumstances of discouragement, has increased the facilities and benefits of communication. Philanthropy has called new servants to its tasks and sent them into the various fields which invite their labor; and though extravagance and injustice have marred the beauty of their efforts, they have accomplished much good, and prepared the way for much more. Religion too has seen able and zealous ministers flocking to her altar, and bearing thence the fire of Divine truth to purify the souls of the worldly or kindle the hearts of believers. Fanaticism indeed has taken large scope for its action, error has found voices through which to speak loudly and vehemently, and mischief has been done of which it is sad to think. But the good has exceeded the evil, and we have reason to believe that morality and piety, the love of God and the love of man, hold a wider sway than they exercised a year ago.

These are hints only to what might be said. We cannot pursue them. But we are desirous to add a word upon the question prefixed to this article. Where does the new year find us? How do we stand as a denomination, and how as individuals? As a denomination, we cannot but believe we are in a better state than we were a year ago. We have gained something, and lost nothing. We have gained some outward increase. New congregations have been gathered, and so far as the restoration or rebuilding of houses of public worship is a sign of interest in religious institutions, our pages the last year have shown that the people are not insensible to their value. In this city three ministers have been added to our number, under whom the congregations with which they are connected are exhibiting a healthful prosperity. Our spiritual improvement we hope it is not vain-glorious to consider yet more worthy of remark. It is with humble gratitude that we speak of an increase of religious earnestness and activity in our body. The missionary movement, of which we gave an account in our last number, is only one sign of this growth. More interest is felt in social religious exercises. The services of the Lord's day, so far as our observation reaches, are better attended, and the attempts of the ministers to form Bible Classes or hold religious meetings during the week have been cordially met, or perhaps been suggested by their people. The obligation of Christian effort, in one's self and out of one's self, for one's own sake and for the good of others, is more deeply felt, and as a consequence we witness more of a religious spirit in society than a year or two since. If our judgment is correct, we have reason to believe that though there are differences of opinion and "differences of administration" among us, yet our strength is not weakened; and whatever there may be that is unsound in doctrine, or defective in practice, or injudicious in its forms of expression, the new year finds more of true religion in our denomination than did its predecessor.

But where does it find us as individuals? In a course of improvement, or of deterioration? On the Lord's side, openly and firmly adhering to him; or with the world, seeking its vanities and adopting its follies? Each one must answer these questions for himself; we cannot answer them for one another. But we may remind one another that they are important questions, of such serious import

that not to consider them is the part only of spiritual blindness or a bad and fatal bravery. If we refuse to consider them, they will not pass unheeded. God, "the righteous Judge," marks our course and measures our progress, in whatever direction it may be. If the old year leaves us no better than it found us, we must "in that day" render up an account of wasted privileges, abused mercies and slighted discipline. If the new year finds us still "halting between two opinions," children of the world in our hearts though convinced that we ought to be the children of God, we are running a fearful hazard. This may be the last "new year" we shall ever see. But whether it be or not, the duty of self-consecration to God through Christ is an immediate duty—which we defer at our peril, and make harder by delay. To those whom this year finds "walking with God" it must bring pleasant recollections and yet pleasanter hopes. To those whom it finds in the ways of sin it brings bitter reproaches and solemn monitions. While the former enjoy its words of comfort, may the latter listen to its warnings.

E. S. G.

DEATH A DESTROYER, AND DEATH A REDEEMER.

I wish to make some remarks on death the destroyer, and death the redeemer of our race,—death carrying the body and all which belongs to *that* down to an endless grave, and death lifting the soul and what belongs to *that* up to an eternal life.

1. Death the destroyer. The sighings of the autumnal wind, and the surgings of the sea when the storm is past, the downfall of the great, the vanishing away of whole generations, the ruins of cities and of empires, all bear witness to the powers of death the destroyer. Nothing here is too low, nothing too high, as this comes breaking up our plans and crushing us down into the earth. No language can paint its dark dominion, or the blackness of their despair over whom its shadow is cast, while their hearts are not yet quickened with that spiritual life over which even death can have no power. It overwhelms all alike. The poor man's sorrows and

the rich man's pride, the wrongs men suffer and the wrongs they inflict, the triumphs of the world and the world's disgrace, the lights and shadows of life, its hopes, anxieties and fears, sink down before its presence. Our possessions turn to dust, our beauty to ashes. The bonds of society are rent asunder, and all the relations of life dissolved. Parents are torn from children, children from parents, the sister shall no more behold her brother, the brother no more be cheered by her love. Husband and wife, lover and friend are hurried away, as if there were no life to be crushed out from young hearts, and the ties that bind together the aged were not hard to break. Our friends are torn from us, we are torn from them. The elements themselves are subject to the same destroying power. Before it "the stars of heaven shall fall, even as a fig-tree casteth her untimely figs when shaken of a mighty wind." "And the heavens shall depart as a scroll when it is rolled together; and every mountain and island shall be moved out of its place; and the kings of the earth, and the great men, and the rich men, and the chief captains and the mighty men, and every bondman and every freeman shall hide themselves and say to the mountains and rocks, 'Fall on us and hide us, for the great day of the destroyer's wrath is come, and who shall be able to stand?'"

Such is the power of death the destroyer. And we need its dark and painful teachings. Before it the fevered pulse of life is checked, and we may pause and come to ourselves amid the cares and labors and pleasures that are whirling us away. When the great have fallen, and all their honors could not defer one hour the appointed time, how is our ambition chilled and humbled in the dust. If a spirit of envy or too keen a rivalry have come over us, and we have indulged in hard feelings or unkind words towards others, how are we softened and subdued as death enters their habitation and brings down all their hopes. Or if we have felt ourselves hurt by them, how does every revengeful thought melt down into sorrow, as the eye that looked unkindly upon us is closed, and the tongue that spoke reproachfully is stiff in the silence of death. If—as sometimes will be—if in families coldness have found its way, and those formed to lean upon each other and share together their joys and sorrows have at any time become estranged,

and some misunderstanding or momentary passion have given rise to unfriendly thoughts, how, when the destroyer comes, are they once more drawn together with tears of mutual forgiveness and regret. When we mourn over our losses or are elated by success, how do they both fade away before the voice that comes to us from the grave. And our griefs! I have seen father and mother mourning for their child, an only son, cherishing each little relic he had left behind, and as they brought them out from time to time, and often as the thought of their loneliness came over them, weeping and mourning as for a loss that must last forever. This was but a little while ago; and a few days since I stood by a cluster of graves where the bodies of father and mother and child, side by side, lay under the same turf, the same sky bending gently over them, and the same heaven, let us trust, cherishing their spirits once more in a common home.

2. For death, dark though it be, is not all dark, but like the cloud, which hanging heavily over the earth has yet one side on which the sun-light or the stars forever shine. Death, destroyer though it be, is not entirely so; but, whether with inorganic matter, in vegetable life, in the animal kingdom, or, above all, with man, it is also the instrument of change from a lower to a higher organization.

Look, for instance, to the different epochs in the earth's history which geologists have brought to light. Each one gave place to another higher than itself; but it was only through the destruction of the past—through revolutions reaching to the earth's centre, bringing down its high places and throwing up continents and mountains from the depths of the sea, that it has been raised from a mere chaotic mass till, through the different stages of vegetable and animal life, it has become, what we now behold, the rich, commodious and beautiful abode of man. And if, as many suppose, in accordance with prophetic visions of the millennium, the earth is to go through one great epoch more, it is only by the destruction of what now is that it shall be redeemed from its present imperfections, and become the glorious residence of beings yet more highly advanced.

So in the vegetable world, every great change from a lower to a higher organization is a change through death into life. "Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone; but

if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit." And so in changes which do not so entirely revolutionize the order of existence. The leaves, when their fibres become inflexible and unfit to perform their office, fall off and die, that a new generation may come forth; and it is through this successive death and re-production, that the growth of the tree is perfected. And the tree itself, when it has reached its growth, soon dies, that a new luxuriance of life may succeed. Death is the price which is paid for the redemption of the soil from the stiff, unfruitful, cumbrous weight of age.

So again in the animal kingdom. Every day the particles of which our bodies are composed are passing from us, and through a continual death—the outward man perishing day by day, and perishing more rapidly the more rapid the growth—through a continual death the child grows into the man. Indeed the whole process by which food is made to sustain us is a process through death—through the dissolution of the bodies which make our food, that they may be raised, by the vital functions in us, into a higher form of life. No foreign substances, till their own life is destroyed, can enter into and become a part of our constitution; so that in truth our lives day by day are sustained by a double process of death and resurrection; each particle of food, which goes to nourish us, losing first its own life and then being raised into ours. Without death there is no such thing as animal life. Dissolution everywhere is the price paid for the redemption of matter from an inanimate existence to a living form, and from one form of life to another.

And in every case the work of death must be co-extensive with the change. In all the great epochs which take place in animal life the work of death must be as extensive as the change, that the vital principle may be redeemed from its old restraints and left free to assume to itself new forms of life. Thus the egg dies, that the bird may live. Any chemical preparation that would preserve the egg must necessarily prevent the existence of the bird. So the caterpillar, to all appearance, dies, that the moth or butterfly may live; and the new structure of life can be assumed only so far as the old has perished.

So man, as we see him now, must die, that man, as he shall be hereafter, may live. Precisely so far as a more spiritual form of

existence is to be assumed, must these material bodies be dissolved. "Flesh and blood cannot inherit the kingdom of God, neither doth corruption inherit incorruption." "We must be changed." These terrestrial bodies must be transformed through death into the celestial forms which belong to the more advanced condition of the soul. These mortal garments must be laid aside, that we may put on the robes of immortality.

Thus death is at once a destroyer and a redeemer; destroying what is of the earth, earthy, that our spirits may be redeemed from these inferior restraints and be clothed in higher and more glorious forms. Death leading to the resurrection, instead of standing alone in the Providence of God, is in harmony with the whole system of nature, where every change from a less to a more perfect state must be through a dissolution co-extensive with the change. The progress in our minds furnishes a case precisely analogous. "When I was a child, I spake as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child; but when I became a man, I put away childish things:" that is, the language, understanding and thoughts of the child die out, as the mind advances to the maturer wisdom of the man; and in proportion to the elevation of a man's present views must be the decay of what he has been. By the destruction of the past alone is the mind redeemed from its old imperfections, and left free to advance. Not more naturally does the flower upon the tree die when it has prepared the way for the fruit, than the peculiar feelings of the child die when they have prepared the way for the maturer feelings of the man.

The soul, itself immortal, is in the different stages of its progress connected with a great variety of temporary influences, each one of which, like the leaf and flower upon the tree, falls off and dies, when it has accomplished the purpose for which in the order of Providence it was designed. Among these temporary influences are the feelings of the child, which die when the soul has outgrown them. Such are the passions and early impressions of the man, which also die when the soul has outgrown them. Such are the various studies we pass through, which lose their interest and become dead to us when they have accomplished their end. Such are all the joys of sense, all the imperfect knowledge, the narrow views, hopes and experience of life to the soul that has

outgrown them. Such in short is the body itself, which also would fall off and die, when the soul has outgrown it. How often even in these lives of fourscore years do we see the body lasting beyond its time; the soul longing to be set free, or bowed down and oppressed by that which it was born to command.

Thus all true progress is through a species of death. The instruments of time, though they may kindly help us for a season, must soon be cast aside, or they will only burthen our souls with their weight. Death to them, dear though they may have been to us, is the price that must be paid for our redemption from the teachers which have helped us forward a little way, but now will detain us there, unless we are set free. Thus do we advance, drawing what we can of nourishment from the things of time and then casting them away; each new teacher draining its own life-blood for us that we may have strength to leave it behind. So do I sometimes look upon the exhausted, bloodless corpse of one, who has gone in the ripeness of his age and full maturity of mind. Faithful servant, many are the pains and toils which it has borne,—the wakeful nights, the anxious days. Many a weary step, has it gone on errands in which it could take no pleasure, for its immortal friend. For him it cherished all its strength, and through its weakness he became strong. For him it lived, and when it could do no more, for him it gave up its life, that he might go and take as his companion a more glorious form. 'Well done, good and faithful servant, rest now in peace. Dust though thou art, his spirit may look back on thee, the partner more of his pains than his joys, with some lingering affection still; and dear shalt thou still be to those who love and honor him.'

So it is. The soul lives here till it has absorbed into itself the life of its mortal instruments, and then it goes away into a new world and under new forms of life. Childhood dies, to give place to youth; the impetuous impulses of youth die, that the clear, calm strength of manhood may succeed. Manhood dies, that age may come. And when the soul has been enriched by all the experience of life and death, from the first sensation of the child to the serene affections and meditative stillness of age, and can receive from the body no farther aid, then comes death to redeem and set it free. Everything in its time has been so beautifully ordained, whether

to live or die ! The fruit, which will not be shaken from the bough, will when its time has come fall of itself. The child, constrained too soon to give up his childish things, is forced into a hard and unprofitable task ; yet in a few days he gladly gives them up and nothing could be to him more irksome than they. So, when the fruits of life are yet unripe, and the feelings that bind us here are strong, and our bodies yet fulfil their part, it seems to us a hard and fearful thing to die ; but when our labors are ended and the soul is prepared and the body can aid us no more, then gladly doth the spirit leave its companion to enter upon new and to us unknown forms of life.

So is it in age. And in youth, when the body by accident or disease unfitted for its work becomes more a hindrance than a help to the soul, death kindly steps in, and by destroying the body redeems the soul from its bondage and its pains. And if we have been true to ourselves and our God, and the spirit born into the kingdom of heaven has become the controlling principle of our lives, though we might prefer with healthy bodies to go through the entire experience of life, as that which God would not have ordained had it not been best, still we shall gladly hear the call, and leave behind this shattered frame, for such a form as God shall give.

Why then is death so terrible a minister ? Why does our blood run cold at the thought of its approach to us or our friends ? Why has it in all times been viewed as the king of terrors, the last and most fearful enemy of man, the great destroyer, and destroyer alone, of all that we most love and prize ? Because—and with sorrow let us confess it, because—we are not true to our own hearts and to our God. We have not improved our time. Like children called before their sports are ended, though the hour has come, we are not ready. Before death can be to us a redeemer as well as a destroyer, we must be redeemed from our sins and from our bondage to the world. Above all must we seek and love a spiritual life, a near communion with our God.

Not that we shall leave the earth with no regrets, and feel no pain when called to give up these bodies endeared to us by the memories of so many years, and leave behind friends bound by affections that have been cemented by so many joys and

so many sorrows. How deep and full the feelings that gathered strength with the last hours of the Saviour! "Having loved his own, which were in the world, he loved them unto the end." The inexpressible tenderness of the last supper—his prayer for them as they went out at evening to the Mount of Olives,—the most melting and sublime petition that ever rose from dying lips for the friends that were left behind—those words from the cross, "Son, behold thy mother; woman, behold thy son"—show a heart, how full of the tenderest, human emotion! And yet what a sublimity of spirit! "Now is the Son of man glorified. I have overcome the world. Father, the hour is come. I have glorified thee on the earth; I have finished the work which thou gavest me to do. And now, O Father, glorify thou me." And through him we also may be ready, may finish the work which has been given us to do; and death shall come to redeem and glorify our spirits.

And not to us alone, but to those whom God has given to be with us here. With other feelings then shall we stand by them when they die, and think of them when gone. 'No, blessed spirit,' our glad hearts may exclaim at the thought of one who is gone, 'thou art not quenched in darkness, like some rayless star which shall rise and shine no more; not destroyed, not clouded even, by death; but redeemed from thy hard bondage, and shining with the peaceful light of heaven in thy new and glorious form.' So shall we think in death of those who, because they were pure and true, were endeared to us in life. Gone? By the kind and beautiful provision of God they are gone from the trials, cares, infirmities and sorrows of life, to him who is "their bright and morning star," where "God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and *there* shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain: for the former things are passed away." Not that even then we may not think of them with tears. We may weep, as Jesus wept; but through our tears bless God who gave, and God who hath taken them from us. "And I heard a voice from heaven, saying unto me, Write, Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth." Blessed are they; and "blessed too are they who mourn" in Christian faith and love, for they shall find comfort to their souls.

J. H. M.

THOUGHTS ON THE BOOK OF JOB.

THIS ancient poem, probably the oldest of the sacred writings, may well be likened to that Eastern river which was fabled to flow over a bed of golden sand. Even so comes this pure and pellucid stream of truth down from its hidden birthplace among the morning-heights of the old world and in the sacred twilight of the Patriarchal age, and all along its course reveals rich gems and rare to him who runs beside its margin. It resembles one of those very clear waters which show the eye of the gazer, not only the earthly bed over which they pass, but far beneath that a second sky, a perfect image of the first, with its blue even softened and etherealized by the magic power of the reflection. Although the trials and tribulations of man's life and lot form the theme of the Book of Job, yet how calm, how untroubled is the stream of beautiful and sublime imagery in which they are so faithfully, yet soothingly reflected! The images of trouble do not disturb the majestic mirror in which they are presented—they leave not a film upon the surface; and when in a calm and attentive mood, with hearts taught by the realities of life to think and feel soberly, we look down into those sacred pages, and see and live over again so much of our strange experience, we there also behold, in those tranquil and transparent depths, a higher world, new heavens fashioned after those which arch over our heads, and the stars of immortality twinkle peacefully, not restlessly there, and win the spirit home to itself and to its God.

It is a kind provision of the Father of our spirits, and may fairly be regarded as an indication of his merciful design in afflicting his children, that the heart finds a peculiar and unearthly pleasure in the contemplation of its pains, when they are tenderly reflected in the stream of poetry—when their images are softened and spiritualized in memory's transforming glass. It is true, this pleasure often becomes a diseased pleasure; but that is the abuse of a good thing. The power exists in every human heart—that creative power, which remoulds sorrow into joy; and probably there is no one who does not at some time in his life exercise this power, who does not find and feel that it is good for him to have been afflicted,

that, as the poet says, "it is sweet to remember past labors," so also it is sweet to remember past sorrows—that as the remembrance of pleasure often becomes a source of regret, so the remembrance of pain becomes oftentimes a spring of purer joy. Some hearts have this susceptibility so strong, that almost before the suffering is past it becomes a thing of memory. This is the case with the highly imaginative, and still more happily is it the case with the spiritual mind. The former find a compensation, and more than a compensation, for outward or actual afflictions in the heightening which contrast gives to their ideal joys; the children of faith, however, in their sorrows find a more substantial satisfaction than the mere children of fancy, inasmuch as, while their real pangs are keener, they feel a keener pleasure flowing from the *felt* presence of the unseen Father.

There is indeed a certain unchristian stoicism, which "despises the chastening of the Almighty," and says, "Evil, be thou my good!" Nevertheless there is also a degree and kind of pleasure, which is not morbid, but natural and wholesome, in looking back or looking down upon the images of sadness. It is only when we seek what has been called "the joy of grief" as a luxury, that it becomes a sickly and wrong indulgence; when we simply and gratefully receive it, in the way of consolation amidst life's trials and troubles, then it is a pure and a proper pleasure.

Man, as he muses upon the sorrows of his eventful pilgrimage, is like the seaman whom *Jean Paul* represents gazing down upon the reflection of the burning Vesuvius in the mirror of the waters. "See how the flames shoot about, down below there, among the stars; red streams roll heavily around the mountain of the deep, and devour the fair gardens. But we glide unscathed over the cool flames, and our images smile up from the burning waters." The pilot said this with satisfaction, while he looked up with apprehension at the thundering mountain. But I said: 'Lo! thus lightly does the Muse bear in her eternal mirror the heavy sorrow of the world, and the unhappy look therein, but they too find comfort and satisfaction in the contemplation of grief.'"

And this comparison happily illustrates the pleasure which every thoughtful heart must feel in communing with the poetic spirit of the plaintive Book of Job. I have called this Book a poem. It is

a poem of the highest kind. Though to us it remains no longer in the common form of poetry, it *is* poetry, the outgushing of a poetic heart, the creation of a poetic age. Even if we suppose it, as many do, to be history, the actual history of a certain individual's distresses and discipline, still it is poetry; for poetry is but condensed truth. In short, the work is at once poetry and history. I mean it is not the production of mere fancy. It is the warm experience of a living, throbbing human heart. Whether there ever was a man named Job who sustained all these specific afflictions in his own person, or not, the writer is most manifestly dealing with realities—no mere “make-believe” pains and penances. He had felt the woes of humanity not only in his own breast, but by dwelling, through sympathy, in the breasts of others. His thoughts “breathe” and his words “burn,” though they come not so much from “bright-eyed Fancy’s magic urn,” as from a full and laboring heart. But the author of this wonderful creation of genius is one who has risen above the ills of life and now looks calmly down upon them; otherwise, were he still entangled in them, he could not picture them to us so purely, calmly and with such perfect fidelity. He sails in the ark of faith over the sea of life, and beholds that frowning mountain of “ills that flesh is heir to,” imaged, not disagreeably, in the serene bosom of a spirit at peace with God, acquainted with Him and reconciled to His Providence.

Is it an unnatural consolation for the afflicted to look back—to go back and dwell among the pure, the pious, the exalting conceptions and sentiments of the Book of Job? It must soothe the soul and lift it, as on wings, above the power of sorrow into the serene sky of grateful remembrance and hope, to reflect that in the very childhood of our race, far back in the dawn of the world, man was “born to trouble as the sparks fly upward”—that even then all our griefs were anticipated, that even then this Book was born, a book in which the children of affliction will read the record of their experience and find their purest consolation, next to the words of Jesus, to the end of time.

It may well be that it is the borrowed light of Christ’s Revelation which lets us see so much meaning and merit in the Book of Job. We go to it, perhaps, with preconceived sentiments derived from

the Gospel of Jesus, and we find glimpses of a gospel there. It is indeed difficult for us, nor is it necessary, to avoid strengthening the earlier revelations with the all-prevailing light of the new; but certainly there are, scattered through the pages of Job, many striking approximations to the sentiments of our Religion. Such (to quote but one instance) is the question which occurs in the midst of that sublime accumulation of images, wherewith the writer labors, if it can be called laboring, to shadow forth the majesty and might of God—a question, at which, it would seem, the old silence of Nature must almost have resolved itself into audible and articulate speech:—"Hath the rain a father? or who hath begotten the drops of dew?"

C. T. B.

THE DEATH OF THE GOOD.

It is natural for benevolent minds to receive pleasure from bringing great and wise men into contact with each other. We imagine that concord will result from this union, and mutual differences of opinion assimilate them more harmoniously together, by bringing out various and ennobling traits of character. We believe there are few who have not had dreams of this kind; and likewise few who have not experienced disappointment in the result. The mind is not an exquisitely contrived instrument, that will yield its music at the touch of the professor; but may rather be compared to a locomotive, impelled by its own will.

There is one way however in which we may bring the excellent into contact, that may produce the happiest results for ourselves; we mean by their works, their precepts, and their lives. Is it not encouraging and animating to feel, that neither mountains nor oceans can by separation produce any different standard of human character? Great and good men (I speak of Christians) are everywhere the same, and when they are summoned to their native home, to the abode of "just men made perfect," we find that a striking resemblance has belonged to their characters. Indeed how can it be otherwise. They have drunk at the same fountain of

life, harmony and intelligence, their souls have been invigorated by the breath of heaven and refreshed by its dews, and they have grown under the same influences. I have been led to these reflections by a notice, which has met my eye in a French paper, of M. Manuel, ancient pastor at Frankfort and afterwards pastor at Lausanne. His death took place at the last mentioned village, on the 15th of October, 1838, after a long and painful malady. It was not so with our beloved Channing. Delicate and feeble as was his health, his life was exempted from acute suffering, and his last illness was a gentle summons home. The spring and summer had been to him seasons of elevated devotion, of noble thought, of lofty purpose, and of social enjoyment. His uplifted eye, though often raised to the mountain scenery amongst which he sojourned, rested not there; his vision soared to the "mount of God," to the presence of the Creator with whom he connected the beauty of this lower world.

The death of M. Manuel appears to have excited in his friends emotions similar to those which the death of Dr. Channing has awakened in us. Of the resemblance of character readers may judge, as the notice is laid before them, of which the following pages are a translation.

"DEATH OF M. MANUEL.

This loss appears irreparable to his friends, to the Church, and to the world at large. That which makes our sorrow more profound and mingles a degree of anguish with it is, that the noble gifts which he dispensed to us without measure, alike to the rich and the poor, the wise and the simple,—the treasures of science, elevated thoughts, interesting recollections, grace and power of language, all that he might have written,—have gone with him to the tomb, leaving only the memory of them to his friends.

In beholding for the last time, in his coffin, this man, who a few days before his death enchained us by the charm of his conversation, and made us almost forget that we might trespass on his feeble state, we could scarcely believe that his countenance, so peaceful and serene, no longer reflected his beautiful soul; that those lips, from which wisdom had flowed like the waves of the sea, were forever closed. It seemed to us, that while his friends

were gathered round the coffin reading solemn passages from the Evangelist he so much loved, his lips must open and join his accents to ours, and this Christian Socrates speak words of consolation to his afflicted disciples. For we were his disciples. And who would not have become so in listening to him? Who did not esteem themselves happy in having him for a master, though in his humility he would willingly have become the disciple of the lowliest among us?

Such were the calmness and modesty of his language, that he did not appear even to *persuade*, for he carefully cherished liberty in the souls of his auditors. Yet no one announced the truth more fearlessly. Indeed it appeared as if he spoke purely from the love of truth and to relieve his own heart. If a deeper purpose discovered itself—that of awakening the slumbering conscience, it was done with so much tenderness, such true benevolence, that the most obstinate incredulity became abashed before it. He rarely gained the heart by formal discussions, though he eminently possessed the power which might have been used to this end; but he made use of one more rare and of a higher nature, that of representing the truth with that harmony and beauty which are essential to its life. He reasoned less than he suggested, or perhaps the angular forms of argument were rounded and received contour from a mind and conversation full of grace and gentleness.

It has been said, that he appeared made for conversation; but though there might be foundation for such a remark, it gives but one view of his faculties. It would be easy to convey an idea of this power of conversation, if it had been characterized by sudden emotion, by sallies of originality, or brilliant expression; but no one could tell in what the charm consisted, where all was so calm, so connected, so full of thought, where there was nothing striking, but where even the tones of the voice were so deeply impressive that they penetrated to the very depths of the heart. His language so just—the easy development of his thoughts—a mixture so natural of facts and ideas, of the man himself with his subject, the familiar with the serious—the results of abundant reading, dropping like honey from the comb—the most eloquent lessons taking a colloquial form—the substance of books laid before you by a just and striking analysis,—a man whom you might read like a book and find every

page exquisite ;—all this may be indicated and even described, but it will give no idea of his power of conversation or bring it to life again. The Homeric illustration of the snow whose light and innumerable flakes do not fall, but descend slowly from on high without noise, does not apply more truly to the ancient Nestor than to this man, not bowed by the weight of years, who united in his conversation the calm tranquillity of an old man with the intellectual fervor of one who is yet young. Happy are those who have listened to him upon some *Sunium* of our Leman, surrounded by the reflection of the setting sun, and seen him gathering into his heart the religious influences of the beautiful world, where his soul communed with the God whom he had found in the Evangelists. This love, this perception of the beauties of creation, was one of the distinctive attributes of M. Manuel, one of the sources of his eloquence, and brings him most forcibly to the memory of those who knew him.

How much good he dispensed by words ! At first we thought only of the pleasure of his society, but in recurring by memory to the hour passed with him we were surprised to find ourselves enriched by a power which carried us forward to virtue and goodness. Something of his soul had passed into ours.

The great secret of M. Manuel was having no disguise with you. In no sense and for no end did he endeavor to entrap or surprise you. No doubt, that in his very silence he remembered you before the Searcher of hearts, but the soundness of his judgment, the solidity of his faith, the simplicity and straight-forwardness of his character did not allow him to seek for rapid and equivocal success. In his very zeal were manifest a peace and patience which exercised inexpressible power over the hearts and consciences of men.

There was another rare trait which we felt in this excellent man. Christianity, divinely human, penetrated through his character and assimilated itself to his whole life, without being even obscured. Others, with as fervent a faith, speak only of religion ; he did better, he spoke on all subjects religiously. Literature and philosophy, with which his remarks were imbued, became Christianity without losing their original distinction. He thus served the cause of religion better by uniting it with all subjects, even including sportive and cheerful sallies, than if in separating it from life he

had been in turn a Christian without literature, and a scholar without Christianity. How many have learned from him, that there is nothing in religion opposed to social life, to courtesy, or the arts. His preaching possessed a character which ought not to be forgotten. No one could have represented more faithfully or more honestly, nor repeated more tenaciously the central point of his belief—salvation by grace; all proceeded from this centre, or returned to it; but this unity was philosophical, and no one could make all unite and concentrate more naturally in the sphere of evangelical attraction. No one in rousing the conscience could do it in a more judicious manner. Therefore men of thought and seriousness were solicitous to hear him, attracted at first by his pure and exalted eloquence, by the originality and simplicity of his thoughts, by the penetrating unction of his language, by the chaste and sublime elegance of his diction; but afterwards enchained by a sentiment more profound, they returned to satisfy a spiritual hunger which he had excited in them, and to be nourished like little children with the bread of life, piece by piece, as he brake it for them.

In recollecting all the good he has done by his preaching and his conversation, all the blessings that his presence carried to the dwellings of the poor and to the bed of the dying, we scarcely dare regret that he did not execute his literary purpose, of which he had conceived the idea and even formed the plan. His life less full would perhaps have yielded more of *echo*, but it would have been less tranquil, less simple, and we do not know but his end might have been less peaceful. There is inexpressible pleasure in recalling the last days of this good man, not so much because the rare powers of his mind exhibited no decline, but because he *died living*, because his last days bore testimony to the noble gifts he had received, and because we recognized the source of his peace,—that it arose from his perfect humility, trust in God, and devout prayer.

M. Manuel loved to live; and how was it possible that he should not have enjoyed a life so full of usefulness and interest, and possessing so many traits of the future and true life. It was perhaps necessary for him to have tasted the joy of heaven, to prefer it without hesitation to a life of intellectual and religious activity,

filled with high thoughts and kind affections. He must at least have loved in life all these things, and as it was on this side of existence his experience lay, it was pardonable to regret leaving what he was permitted to love. The exile embraces with tears the friends whom he has found, at the moment of leaving them, even to return to his native country which he never could renounce; and could his country reproach him for the sigh which he gives to those who have sweetened and alleviated his exile?

M. Manuel loved life, and he could not have separated himself so tranquilly from it if he had not loved it. It is the triumph of faith to detach the living soul from a life so full, so powerful, so multiplied; for it may be, that the enlargement of mind and combination of powers give a peculiar energy to life, and render the work of death more difficult. Then it is that faith triumphs, and brings true resignation, and in the willing submission to death we bless this glorious faith and adore the Author of it.

The closing scene of M. Manuel's life will add but little to edifying anecdotes of this nature. It is striking for having so few remarkable circumstances attending it, so few of those details which stand out by themselves and are everywhere quoted. He had long lived like a dying man; there was nothing new to proclaim. We trace to the end a deep humility, a faith so true, so simple, expressed in words so suitable and so few, that we cannot hear them without the deepest emotion. Our friend found it good that others, perhaps more advanced, should feel extatic joy in quitting this existence, which he, frail and feeble, did not experience. Yet he confessed that he had witnesses in his own soul of the faithfulness of God, that he had spoken to his heart in the spirit of consolation. He had asked of him, not any striking illustration of his Divine favor, but his gentle paternal embrace, and this had been granted him at the death-bed of his mother; he had received it in her last embrace, and this remembrance made him happy to his latest hour. He spoke of it with a tenderness of accent that will never be forgotten. He was contented with the consciousness of being beloved, and received all dispensations with the obedience of a child, for he said, 'The tenderness of a father is not demonstrated by caresses.'

It remains for us also to be contented with what has been granted

us. We know of no manifestation of Divine goodness which could edify us more. Such a death, so truly Christian, ought to reconcile us to death itself. In remembering the affectionate disposition of our friend, and his benevolent solicitude for us while he lived, which increased as his strength declined, we saw as with the vision of the Apostle, that though the outer man was perishing, the inner man was renewed day by day. No one who contemplated the alliance between the new and the old could have enjoyed a more glorious vision."

In this notice, little reference is made to M. Manuel's religious opinions; yet we gather that they were Calvinistic. Victor Cousin, in speaking of an interview that he had with him, alludes to his pure and benevolent spirit, adding that "his theology was not refined, (*rafinée*,) but like Calvin's, with which his beautiful soul (*belle âme*) involuntarily mingled tints of toleration and mysticism." It is a divine lesson brought home to the heart, when we see the same traits of Christian character exemplified in men of different religious opinions. We feel that they are not of Paul or Apollos, but have grown in the likeness of God the Father.

H. F. L.

SONNET.

THE genial sun, who rests his golden head
Amidst the crimson clouds at eventide,
Whose cheering beams, throughout the day, have spread
O'er earth's fair bosom blessings multiplied,
Sinks but to rise—again to be our guide.
So those great men whose deeds have graced their age
Live on, though disencumbered of their clay,
And lend us still their light: so, o'er the page
Of this land's history, bright as is the day,
Shall CHANNING shine, with unremitting ray;
And though his dying voice falls on the ear
With sadness, as he bade his friends 'good night,'
His "words that burn" will ever bless our sight,
And millions, through the world, his name revere.

J. S.

A DREAM.

Looking over some old papers a few days since, I came across an article written by myself in the year 18—, a year, perhaps the most eventful in my life. Without stopping to recount all the incidents of that period, I will barely mention, that it was the year of my failure in business, induced partly by misfortune, but mainly by a neglect of prudence and frugality in the management of my business and domestic economy. The night preceding my failure was a night of inward storm; clouds and darkness brooded over my whole mental being; hope, I had none; faith, I had none. In such a state I retired to rest, and “dreamed a dream.” This phantom of the night made so deep an impression, I could not refrain putting it on paper. Upon seeing it after a lapse of so many years, it struck me that it might be a useful fragment in the *Miscellany*. It would make me glad to be the means of reaching some readers, nay, a single reader, who (like myself in other days,) may be wearing out life in hewing cisterns that can hold no water. Of course you are at liberty to preface the “dream” with any remarks showing, if necessary, more distinctly the moral involved in it.* It has one advantage over most dreams, that it is not all fiction. The gist of it is true, the dressing merely is my own.

After a day of feverish excitement, induced by many fruitless efforts to hire or borrow money, to meet engagements at Bank, I returned to my home wrapped in gloom, and suffering a disquietude that no language can describe. Throwing myself from very physical exhaustion on the bed, I hoped that nature, “tired nature,” would triumph over my mental perturbation,—that sleep, sweet angel of mercy, would cut off all remembrance of the past, and by her invisible ministry renew for me sufficient strength to face my creditors on the following day. A vision soon held me in golden chains. I believed myself on an island of diamonds, in some far-off region. The ground was sparkling under my feet. My brain whirled in ecstasy. No gleam of sunshine to the vexed mariner who for days has been without “an observation” was half so wel-

* The moral, as our friend intimates, is too plain to be mistaken.—ED.

come, as was this El Dorado to me. Fancy spent itself in endless contrivances for gathering and appropriating these peerless gems.—A change came over my dream. The island so beaming with gladness, I soon found to be a profound solitude. Not a tree could I perceive, nor flower, nor spot of verdure, nor bird, nor living thing. No morning with its freshness, nor evening with its quiet healthful repose, visited the spot. A perpetual vertical sun poured down its scorching rays, unmitigated by any fanning breeze, while the shore was ungirt by a single rock, behind which I might find a moment's shelter. I found myself hemmed in, without food or drink,—every instant of time adding torture to torture, until the consciousness of utter destitution made me groan aloud, and I awoke.

Another slumber followed with illusions still more remarkable. I imagined that I held in my hand a richly bound volume secured by clasps of massive gold. At these I tugged not a little, before they yielded to my impatient curiosity. The first page of this book discovered to me that I was the possessor of immense treasure. It was filled with bank bills, of one of our wealthiest institutions, of the largest denomination. I hastily and joyfully turned over its rich "promises to pay." I became flushed, nay, intoxicated with joy almost to madness, at this unexpected wealth and deliverance from pecuniary embarrassment. I ceased not counting till I had reached the centre of this unrivalled book, when my attention was rivetted to a page so unlike the others, that my blood curdled and my knees smote together. On it was engraved the sea in a storm. So living was the picture, I felt myself at once exposed on its tossing and foaming waves, without a beacon light to guide or helping hand to rescue me from its frightful depths. I hurried with fearful forebodings to another page. There TIME, with his bold uncompromising look, holding the polished scythe and spent glass, stared me in the face. Suddenly the golden leaves on which mine eyes had gloated separated from the binding, and heeding not my clutch, curled as if touched by fire and then vanished from me in smoke—

The golden bowl was broken at the fountain, the silver cord was loosed, an impenetrable depth of blackness opened beneath my feet, one feeling of utter despair possessed me, and then the spell was broken.

LESSONS OF THE NATIVITY.

A CHRISTMAS SERMON, BY REV. NATHANIEL HALL.

LUKE ii. 16, 20. And they came with haste, and found * * * the babe lying in a manger, * * * and returned glorifying and praising God.

It seems to be an established mode of the Divine proceedings, that great results shall flow forth from seemingly insignificant beginnings. It is recognized in the natural world. The majestic oak, that spreads wide and high its giant branches, whose top receives the first salutation of the rising sun and his last resplendent valediction, that has given lodgment to successive generations of the summer birds, and has battled triumphantly with the storms of centuries,—it was not always thus ; it sprang not forth in a night to its glorious stature and its all-resisting strength ; the space in which it slumbered once might be covered by an infant's palm ; its polished cradle was childhood's play-thing. The kingly day, that rules the earth from his golden throne, that unlooses its every band of darkness, that scatters afar each gloomy shade,—it was once, as it lay cradled in the distant east, but a glimmering ray, but a rosy flush. And so it is in the moral world. And that greatest of all effects which mankind has ever witnessed,—compared with which those that the world's Alexanders and Napoleons have wrought are insignificant ; which in its noiseless progress has upheaved the deep-laid systems of ancient superstition, has overturned altar and idol, thrones and empires, and given intellectual and moral freedom to prostrate millions ; and which is yet but in the early stages of its destined progress, which is accumulating with every age new energy and force, and will not be stayed until it bring back upon the earth its primeval innocence and its more than primeval glory, until all oppression and misrule, all error and sinfulness shall be unknown, and the world be filled with the angel-presence of truth and righteousness and love,—this stupendous, this glorious effect—would you trace it to its beginnings, would you know its visible cause ?—go back among the ages to an ob-

scure village of an obscure province of the then Roman Empire, and in a manger of the stable of that village-inn will you find it. Lo, the moral Regenerator of a world! the being who by his teachings, and the deeds which shall authenticate them as divine, by the influence of that spiritual truth he is to publish and incarnate, is the author and finisher of the effects described! In that little form is the spark enkindling, which shall send a soul-reviving radiance to unnumbered millions of every generation of the race of man. Such was the beginning of Christianity; or rather, of those effects which the world has witnessed in its name.

And in this harmony of Christianity with nature, may we not discern a mark of its Divine origin? In its inconsiderable beginnings, its gradual advancement, its simplicity of operation, do we not recognize the signature of the same Almighty Hand from which the visible world proceeded?

There is a lesson, also, not unimportant, presented us in the circumstances we have been considering. Who, without the light of experience, would have seen in the insignificant acorn, the majestic oak; in the morning twilight, the all-illuminating day? Who that saw that helpless babe in his manger-cradle, would have foreseen the world's regeneration proceeding thence? The lesson is, not to *despise what may seem to us trifling and unimportant*. The germ of mightiest results, in the moral world as in the natural, may lie enfolded in the smallest compass. Neither the fruit thereof, nor the flower, may we be enabled to discern. Events predict not, to the outward sense, the greatness of their effects. They cast no shadow by which their real magnitude may be measured. But, however trifling they may appear to the careless mind, and however trifling they may indeed be in themselves considered, in their bearings and results they may assume to us, hereafter, a most imposing aspect. Therefore should we not pass them by with a careless indifference, nor suffer the duty that may be connected with them to borrow aught to our minds of their seeming insignificance, lest by a neglect of such duty we hinder the accomplishment of their blessed designs. What more apparently insignificant than is the human being in its earliest life. Feebleness finds there its chosen emblem. But, "take heed that ye despise not one of these little ones;" for beyond all human or

angelic conception is the vastness of those energies that are slumbering there—is the importance of those consequences which have there their beginning. God has wrapped the robe of weakness around the grandeur of its power; has made “its exterior semblance to belie its soul’s immensity.” But never let its spiritual importance be so forgotten or disregarded as to lead to the neglect of duty in its behalf. “It were better that a mill-stone were hanged about the neck, and that we were cast into the depths of the sea, than that we should offend one of these little ones.” That streamlet of human existence, just appearing on the earth, is to bear upon its spreading waters spiritual and immortal interests. Whether to bear them prosperously on, whether to roll them to the heavenly shores, to find thereon, forevermore, their blessed security, or whether to hold them in injury and loss, is greatly dependent upon the light in which it is regarded by those around it in its early course—upon the manner of that treatment it receives from them.

Again, *despise not the beginnings of virtue*, in your own, or another’s soul. Its feeblest breathings, if duly cherished, may grow up into an everlasting principle of holiness and love, may connect themselves with the soul’s salvation. The holy resolve which has just had birth in that fallen heart, though weak and helpless in itself, though cradled among mean and brutish passions, may prove the commencement of a new creation there, may usher in the knowledge of the true God to that inner idolatrous world, may be its infant Saviour, and angel-eyes may be gladdened at its birth. Pass it not by with a thoughtless indifference. Breathe not upon it in cold and scornful distrust. Accept it for what it is. Reverence it for what it may be. Present it with the cheering gifts of confidence and good-will. That exalted goodness which glows within the seraph’s soul was born therein in weakness, was at first but a flickering and uncertain flame. “The kingdom of Heaven,” said its lowly Founder, “cometh not with observation.” So came it not into the great world; so comes it not into the individual soul. “The kingdom of Heaven,” both in its outward progress, and its inward sway, “is like a grain of mustard seed, which when it is sown is the smallest of all seeds, but when it is grown it becometh a tree, so that the fowls of the air come and lodge in the branches of it.”

Another thought is suggested by the text—namely, the wisdom and goodness of God in committing the work of man's redemption to a *being invested with the attributes of humanity*; in causing the Saviour of the world to enter it in the feebleness of infancy, and, in partaking of our common nature, to partake of the infirmities, dangers, wants, which attend upon its different stages of development. How does this fact bring him near to us, as he could not else be brought! What a bond of mutual sympathy is here! What a delightful confidence does it inspire in his brotherly affection, his tender compassion, his pitiful regard! What an encouragement does it afford to follow after him; to obey his requirements; to become like him in character! Had God proclaimed his messages of love and pardon from the opening heavens; had he written them in lines of living flame upon the sky; had an angelic embassy, floating mysteriously above us in robes of dazzling brightness, announced the truths, the promises, the requirements of the Gospel, and then ascended to their high abode; vast indeed had been then the blessing, but how much should we have lost of encouragement, of comfort, of confidence, of strength. Now, we see our brother in our Saviour. "For, verily, he took not on him the nature of angels, but he took on him the seed of Abraham." We see in him one who is "touched with the feeling of our infirmity," having thereof himself partaken—who lived upon the earth as we do, not above us, but with us, and of us—clothed not in celestial, but mortal vestments—"the *man* Christ Jesus"—far lifted above the imperfections of humanity, but experiencing its common fortunes, its hardships, and ills—"in all points tempted like as we are, yet without sin." And how is our human life ennobled and endeared by the thought, that *he* has lived it! How do its different stages in which he rested, borrow a sacred beauty from the fact! How do earth's paths seem hallowed now, that his blessed feet have trodden them! Forever praised be the Wisdom and Love which, "when the fulness of time had come," so graciously fulfilled the promise of Moses to the chosen race, "A prophet shall the Lord your God raise up unto you of your brethren, like unto me."

Such are the lessons derived from the *fact* that the Saviour, Jesus, was born into the world—the world of humanity. Other lessons are to be derived from the *circumstances* into which he was born.

"You shall find the babe," said the angelic voices;—and *where*? In Jerusalem's palaces? Surrounded by the blazonry of rank and power? arrayed in the jewelled garments of royalty and pride? reposing in the soft lap of luxury and wealth? You shall find the babe," said they, "lying in a manger." And there he was—in a retired village, surrounded by coarse and common objects, clothed in the garments of humblest life:

"No peaceful home upon his cradle smiled;
Beasts rudely went and came where slept the royal child."

And the lesson is, that *external circumstances are no indication of the degree of God's favor*; that we are to esteem outward, as an inferior greatness and good, and that we are not to suffer the absence of it to lessen in any measure our respectful regard for the individual. Mankind have ever needed to be taught on these points; and it would seem they could not be more clearly and impressively taught than in the case before us. God might have caused that the Saviour of the world should enter it under the circumstances we have named—circumstances of affluence and grandeur, to the worldly mind wholly befitting his high office and destined glory. In such circumstances did his nation anticipate his coming. The idea that their king should be thus lowly-born they would have rejected with disdain. Had their preconceived ideas alone directed them, they would have sought him in the mansions of the rich and noble, with the sign of empire on his infant brow. Their notions of greatness were unworthy, vulgar, low. It consisted, with them, in the possession of outward glory and dominion. It was symbolized by crowns and sceptres. True greatness—virtue, holiness, love—moral perfection—the greatness of the *soul*—to this they rendered but little homage. Nor is due homage yet rendered it by Christian nations. The prevalent idea of greatness is still a low and unworthy one. It still finds its objects in the high places of society—in the possessors of power, station, wealth. But few are yet able so to exclude the thought of outward circumstances in the estimate they form of dignity and worth, that it does not somewhat affect and modify it. Appearances still dazzle and deceive. The same worth in certain outward conditions receives more deference and regard than in others, or perhaps it should be rather said, the condition receives it, independently of the worth which occu-

pies it. It is not the man stripped of the attire of circumstances that we discern, but the man *through* such attire. Condition is not regarded from the Christian point of observation, wherefrom it lessens to a comparative insignificance, and the individual only is beheld in his true and intrinsic worth. We speak of certain conditions as being more respectable than others. To the eye of reason and religion the distinction does not exist. It is not the condition that exalts the man, but the man the condition. The humblest, if its duties be faithfully discharged, is as truly honorable as any, and should be so spoken of and regarded. Away with these false distinctions! Christianity utterly disowns them. Her fadeless wreath is reserved for the faithful soul, whatever sphere it occupies; and, doubtless, it is often bestowed on the obscure of earth, and denied to the renowned. Let us seek to place our tribute of regard where our religion does. Let us respect those that act well the part assigned them, however humble it may be. Let us feel that virtue, an unfaltering adherence to the convictions of duty, constitutes the only true nobleness, and shall not fail to be acknowledged as such, when every world-woven garland has come to naught, and every note of human praise has died upon the ear.

Another truth is suggested by the circumstances we have been considering. As, not to the great of this world—to its kings and potentates—to the throng of the thoughtless, the worldly, the vain, was the advent of Jesus first announced, but to simple shepherds—those who “in lowly thoughts were nursed, meet for his lowly shrine;” so, *by the meek and lowly of heart* alone is he *spiritually* found—is he *inwardly* approached. And, as not in the glitter and glare of life—its stir and conflict, was that annunciation heard, but in a place of stillness and retirement; so, not in the tumult of the mind, in the excitement of the passions, can we receive the guidance that will bear us toward him, but in states of quiet and sober thoughtfulness—of upward-looking *meditation*. Yes, God has respect unto the lowly. The simple and sincere shall be surely guided to a knowledge of his truth. Jesus is born in the humble heart, and shall ever dwell therein—shall do there his work of spiritual power—shall teach its ignorance, shall calm its fears, shall heal its diseases, shall restore its lost affections, shall speak ‘Peace’ to its passion-waves, shall raise it to an immortal joy.

Still another lesson do we receive from the circumstances of the Nativity. It is of *thankfulness*. "The shepherds returned," it is recorded, "glorifying and praising God." And yet they knew comparatively nothing of the greatness of the gift received. And shall our lips be mute, our bosoms cold, when we have seen that lowly child go forth in his manhood's strength, clothed with the might and uttering the wisdom of the Living God—have heard his words of truth, have seen his life of love—have leaned upon his promises, and been partakers of his grace? Forbid it, Lord!

"The shepherds sing; and shall I silent be?
My God, no hymn for thee?
My soul's a shepherd too; a flock it feeds
Of thoughts, and words, and deeds.
The pasture is thy word; the streams, thy grace,
Enriching all the place.
Shepherd and flock shall sing, and all my powers
Out-sing the daylight hours."

Yet again, a lesson. "They came with haste." They were not disobedient to the heavenly vision, but girded themselves immediately to follow its directions. The lesson is of *duty*. Its question,—have *we* been obedient to the light and voice divine to us vouchsafed? The tidings of a Saviour's birth were sounded in our childhood's ears. We were called to go after him in life's morning hours. Voices of love—angel-voices they may be now—first called us, in the peacefulness of our early homes, when our hearts were yet simple and undefiled. And how many the calls we have since received, from without us and within. In the watches of the night, in the stillness of meditation, how many thoughts have come to us, as it were spirits of heaven, to point us to Jesus, and urge us to follow him. Jesus himself has called us, by his words and life, that have been ever before us—called us not only from Bethlehem, but from Calvary—not only by his life, but by his death—not only from earth, but from heaven. Oh, for the sake of those earliest friends—the earliest and the best—who, whether living or gone, still yearn over us, and desire our happiness; for the sake of those yet around us who might be blessed by our example; for the sake of that holy cause which has man's salvation for its end and aim; for the sake of him who, from his

cradle—a manger, to his death-bed—a cross, led for us a life of privation and self-sacrifice, let us no longer delay to go after him—to leave all, and follow him. Yea, for our *own* sakes—as we love happiness, as we love life. For in him only can be found true happiness and life. It is by strength through him assured, and in him seen, that we can be delivered from the evils of the world and the evil of our own hearts. Never can we have inward peace and abiding rest and true enjoyment—it is one of the eternal impossibilities in God's universe—until our souls are purified from their sinful affections, and made to feel within them the smile of God's approval—are made one with him in will, in purpose, in desire; and never can this be our state but by living near to Jesus, by yielding our hearts unreservedly to the influences of his truth, and making him our pattern and guide. His salvation is not outward, but in the heart. In vain has Jesus been born into the world, if he be not born also in these inner worlds. “Christ *in* us the hope of glory.” If we give not his truth a place in our souls—if we seek not to know its sanctifying and renewing influences, it might as well be hidden from us for aught it can do to help us *spiritually*. The outward and temporal benefits of Christianity we may enjoy—and they are great; but not, its spiritual and eternal.

“The babe of Bethlehem” is exalted now above the angels of heaven. But still does he regard us with love and compassion; still, as ever, does he desire our salvation. He calls us to follow his track upon the earth, and reign with him in happiness above. The manger—the cross—the crown: so does he call us to come after him—from humility, through self-denial, unto glory.

GREENWOOD'S SERMONS.*

SERMONS of a purely devotional cast, and especially those that are addressed to the afflicted, are perhaps the most difficult efforts in this most difficult kind of composition. Every religious dis-

* SERMONS OF CONSOLATION. By F. W. P. Greenwood, D. D., Minister of King's Chapel, Boston. Boston: Charles C. Little and James Brown. 1842. pp. 335, 12mo.

course requires the exercise of the soul, as well as of the understanding. To fulfil the idea of what it should be, is a great achievement. To choose out its materials with wisdom and skill, to mould its expression into a becoming beauty, to inspire it with a sacred fervor, and to send it home to the conscience and heart of man, thoroughly fit for its benign but solemn errand, is more than is given to many to perform. To present the deepest moral truths, of whatever kind, in the most affecting manner,—to execute what after all must be a work of art so as to touch the highest springs of our nature,—to speak worthily of the sublimest themes without the least appearance of an unnatural straining,—to avoid all the common themes of the world's passion and business, and bring out the latent charm and glory of the subjects that every thoughtful mind revolves more than it discourses of,—to succeed in making the conceptions of faith appear in the full light of the dearest realities,—to write with the pen of the spirit,—all this is scarcely given to any one, however endowed, to perform always. But few attempts, out of a continual endeavor, will arrive at such perfection.

A sermon, as we apprehend, is a peculiar work, demanding a corresponding peculiarity of gifts and application. It is a species of writing standing sacredly by itself. It is an address like no other. Adapted rather to the receptive ear, into which it is intended to sink down, than to the criticising judgment, it seems to carry along with it the idea of the holy place in which it is delivered, of an audience of sympathizing minds, and the sanctity of divine traditions. It is no essay, no narrative, no disquisition, as such things are usually accounted. Still less does a collection of paragraphs, dealing but with the events of our perishable dwelling-place below, and kindled by the passionate interests of the hour, and employing the language of the market-place, deserve to take its name. Even when it is going through with its common ministrations, in its explanations of Scripture and its descriptions of the world, in what are called its doctrinal or practical forms, it is separated by a broad interval from every other class of literary compositions. It needs a new and diviner element, lifted above the earth, and purified from the wilfulness and folly that so easily cleave to us as the earth's children, to infuse into it its genuine character. Formal lessons do not greatly help it. There is a

secular air that, however easy and elegant, does not belong to it. Its tone should be "as becometh the oracles." Its imagery should be according to "the pattern" of holy writ. Hence it is, that the number of excellent discourses from the pulpit is no greater, and that they who distinguish themselves by other intellectual efforts often fail here; the task is so unique, the demand is made on such various powers, the standard is so high.

What has now been said of sermons in general will apply with special force to "sermons of consolation." As we began with saying, they are the hardest of all to write, at least in any considerable variety, with freshness and effect. They cannot spring from any set purpose of painting a touching scene, or making an impression. There must be nothing artificial about them. Nothing imitated ever so well, or repeated from the aptest memory, will do. They are an offering of love and sympathy. They must flow from the author's heart. They must be chiefly the expression of his devout sentiments. At the same time, they are not the mere effusions of his religious sensibility, but should show the training of a teacher. We desire to have them rich with intellectual culture, abounding with the fruits of long contemplation, and enlivened by a quick fancy. We reasonably expect from them, that while their style is simple it shall be attractive, and while their thoughts are obvious they shall not sound as absolutely old. He who applies himself to the office of a comforter cannot fall back upon his learning, nor exercise to advantage any metaphysical acuteness that he may possess. He will defeat his object, if he is too ambitious or too refined, and yet he is called upon to captivate the attention and satisfy the taste of a fastidious age.

In thus speaking, we have been giving one of the reasons why good sermons of this description are so rare. There are doubtless other causes; and among them this, that the occasional sermons of this class, though by no means most apt to be the preacher's best, are the most likely to find their way to the press. These, being of a local and personal character, are seldom calculated for any general effect; and their interest for the public, if they ever possessed it, rapidly diminishes as the occasion recedes that called them forth. There is undeniably a great want of able discourses in this delicate department of a minister's labors, that shall be suited for popular

and permanent use. Anxious and sorrowing hearts always abound ; hearts that seek for direction and solace from the gentle pages of Christian instruction. They often hear words from the pulpit, that meet their questions of difficulty and feelings of grief ; for the preacher ascends into it not unfrequently from a round of sad duties, and speaks from the feelings they have inspired ; but they cannot read and keep what had been thus comforting to them. They cannot remember it nor recur to it. It was but a voice. They would be assisted by a book, that can be taken up in a solitary hour and in moods that most require and best receive its divine lessons.

Our readers may possibly be ready to suspect that, according to the views here presented, no such book can be written ; since so many endowments are supposed to be essential to the prosperous undertaking of it, and so much is demanded of the completed work. But we are not of this opinion ; or we should not have placed the title of the volume on which we desire to say a few words at the head of this article. Nor do we think that the readers of the book will be struck with any great disparity between the requisitions we have made and the manner in which it comes up with them. We feel sure that it will reward the careful perusal of those to whom it is addressed. And we must include in this company all who suffer, and all who are conscious that they must suffer ; every spirit, stricken or not, that meditates soberly the fortunes and the ends of life, and desires to connect its feeble condition and timid thoughts with the persuasion of a Heavenly Father and an everlasting inheritance. Dr. Greenwood has here supplied a want that was greatly felt, and supplied it in the very best manner. Nothing careless or ordinary ever flows from his pen. He does not present to us a narrow field of ideas, or thoughts such as offer themselves readily to a superficial meditation. He spreads out a sufficient variety of topics, and treats them all with the vigor of an original as well as a cultivated mind, and with the delicate fervor of a heart deeply touched. There is a holy propriety, a calm earnestness, pervading his whole work ; never descending from the elevation, nor departing from the tenderness, that belong to its themes. Even where he can only say what others have said before, he does not repeat others. Where there is no scope for invention or dis-

covery, he exhibits what is at hand with a graceful discrimination. If there is no demand for depth, it seems to cost him nothing to be beautiful. Whether he speaks of "God Incomprehensible," "All-Powerful," "Guardian of Souls;" or of "Christ our Fellow-sufferer," and his "Crown of Thorns," and perpetual "Kingdom," "With us at Evening," and leaving us as "Nothing without" him; of "Voices from Heaven," or the "Sorrow and Joy" of earth; of the "Offices of Memory," or the "Walking by Faith;" of the "Lessons of Autumn," or the "Peaceful Sleep" of the night; he takes up each subject in its turn with the same reverent and gentle hand, and throws over them all the charms of a style that is peculiarly his own. He is essentially a poet, though he may never have amused himself with the composition of verses. He has the sensibility and temperament of one; he has the imagination of one. He looks upon nature with an eye of love. He connects himself tenderly with the future and the past. He reaches, as if without an effort, the near and remote analogies that enable him to illustrate and impress his meaning. His periods not unfrequently swell like a chant. His method is a kind of metre. At the same time, his language is as simple as it is select. There is no tincture of affectation, no flourish of mere rhetoric, no pomp of imagery, no arduous climbing after something wonderful. His manner is at once plain and ornate. We see in every part the grave and thoughtful man, not striving to produce a transient effect, but filling his own spirit first with what is most precious and consoling to it, and then declaring that of which it is full. He gives no exaggerated representations. He has no wish to color either brighter or darker than the plain truth. He neither trifles nor declaims. We never lose sight of the minister of the Gospel in the accomplished writer.

If any of our readers, less acquainted than ourselves with the gifts that entitle Dr. Greenwood to his reputation among us, should think this to be extraordinary praise, we can only reply that we could not in justice abate the least word of it. And if they consider it to be the partial encomium of friendship, we believe that they mistake. They certainly do, if they ascribe any motive of partiality. For it does not enter at all into our purpose to commend an author who needs no such tribute from us, but only to recom-

mend a useful and excellent book. To make extracts would be easy. Striking passages might be repeated, in various kinds, at little trouble of searching. But we refrain, for the work itself will probably be in the hands of most of those who read this short notice. It contains at no long intervals sentences of rare beauty, by the side of which one is apt to draw his pencil, that he may recur to them again and again. We have seldom the fortune to find a book so tempting to quote. We have been acquainted with writers, who derive the power of their language from its diffusiveness and even flow. They never rise above, nor descend below, a certain line. They are effective, but it is in the whole, and not through its parts. They are warm and free, but without salient points. They are intensive, but devoid of any of the "white magic" of fancy. Their phrases are poetically colored, but no picture is produced. It is as if the stones of a mosaic were set gorgeously, but without any graphic design, into the shining wall. We have met with those of great merit and celebrity, from whose many volumes you would scarcely cull a single paragraph of remarkable eloquence, of eminent splendor or sweetness, to treasure up in a note-book or read aloud to a friend. Their clearness and ardor have in some instances gained them the fame of being masters of style, while in reality some of its most royal attributes have been wanting. Dr. Greenwood is not one of these. He is unequal in a way that we love to see. He is never low in his expression, but sometimes soars. He is never coarse and slovenly in his literary apparel, but now and then puts on his starry robe, as if ready to join the angels. "Sero redeat!"

We consider his seclusion from the active service of the ministry a loss to the pulpit. But we are glad that we can gather from his retirement such fruits as these of a former industry. We trust that they will not be sent forth in vain. We trust that the hope alluded to in the preface may be fully realized, "that the volume might do some service beyond the bounds of" his "parish." We trust that it will extend its influence beyond the bounds of the land, and be of good comfort to hearts that are divided by the salt sea and by many a wave of trouble. We trust that these "Sermons of Consolation" will be listened to in the audience of afflicted thoughts without number, and in thousands of lonely chambers to

which the voice and look of the preacher are wholly unknown. We trust that they will inspire in the souls of a multitude, whom none of us will ever see, the dispositions that we all require; animating them with those motives to resignation and faith, which they themselves breathe as the natural breath of their life.

N. L. F.

NOTICE OF THOMAS BARNARD WEST.

It has not been our practice to insert in the *Miscellany* obituary notices of any but clergymen, as we knew how apt such notices are to bestow indiscriminate praise, and have feared also that they might be multiplied beyond the capacity of our pages. But striking examples of the Christian character it must both gratify and benefit our readers to have brought within their knowledge. Such an example is presented in the sketch of him whose name is prefixed to this article, received by us from his friend and pastor, the minister of the North church in Salem. On the occasion of his death Dr. Brazer spoke of him in a discourse, from which an extract was afterwards given in the *Salem Gazette*. After alluding to services which for a long period he had rendered as Superintendent of the Sunday School of the Society with which he worshipped, Dr. Brazer proceeded as follows.

"Those of us who knew young WEST in this relation are well aware that he brought to our service a scrupulous fidelity, an entire conscientiousness of thought, word, and deed, a purity of intention, a singleness of aim, a directness of purpose, which distinguished him everywhere else. He has taught us, both teachers and pupils, effectually by his labors and his life, and is now teaching us a more solemn and emphatic lesson by his early death. Only the Sunday before the last he was with us here, and before the close of that same week he died. The subject of discussion then, as you may remember, was 'Inoperative truth,' but it had no especial application to him. He was no idle, nor intermittent, nor wandering hearer of the word. Few felt as he did the responsibility that the simple reception of the truth involves. His manuscripts, which comprise volumes of abstracts of discourses delivered in this place, give full proof of this. But the results of his religious inquiries

were written on the more imperishable tablet of his heart, and beamed forth in the living manifestation of his daily walk. Of him, as of another pure spirit, it may be fitly said, 'the truth he loved enshrined itself within him.' He was stricken in opening manhood; amidst most faithful labors for others; amidst constant efforts for self-improvement; amidst earnest preparation for sacred duties; amidst alas! the filial and fraternal charities of family and home, which made him all but an idol there. And shall a lesson like this of the uncertainty of life, and of the strong necessity of an habitual preparation for death, be lost upon us? Shall it not teach these lessons with an impressiveness beyond all power of words?"

We now subjoin what has been sent us for the *Miscellany*.

ED. MISC.

He was born in the year 1815, and was therefore about twenty-seven years old when he died. He was graduated at Harvard College in 1836, among the very first scholars of his class. His whole conduct and deportment at College were marked by that conscientiousness alluded to above, and which I have never seen surpassed by any one. His responsibility as a religious and an accountable being seemed to be ever present to his mind, and to guide him in the performance of the humblest duty. This is strikingly apparent from his private Diary, in which the history of every day, and almost of every conscious hour, is put down. It is still more affectingly manifested in a manuscript book of private prayers, written while he was a student at the University, which was found among his papers after his decease. Now that he has gone, as we trust, to higher duties, and to a nearer vision of the God and Saviour whom he sought on earth, I know not why we may not give a publicity to some of these, from which while here he would have recoiled. It may serve, yet further to justify our tender and affectionate respect for his memory, and excite the virtuous emulation of others, by showing the divine sources from which he derived his varied excellence.

Amongst other College distinctions, he received the highest honor at one of the Exhibitions. He thus refers to it in the following act of devotion, which I copy from his manuscript.

"MONDAY EVE. CAMBRIDGE, October 19th, 1835.

To-morrow is Exhibition, at which I am to take a leading part.

With what feelings then ought I to regard it? Ought I not to think of Him who gave me strength and ability to attain to this distinction? Ought I not to think that all I shall accomplish to-morrow will be under his superintending Providence? May it be my prayer that He would overlook my sins, and suffer me to give a little satisfaction and comfort to my anxious parents." * * *

What a delightful fact it is in this young man's history, that on the eve of a festive occasion, and one, which, as some of us may remember, is of very engrossing interest, he should thus go into the retirement of his closet, and there chastening all vain thoughts and endeavoring to sanctify all his "feelings," humble himself before his God, refer to him all the praise of his worthily won "distinction," and ask for help of him, not from any selfish motive, but that he may "*give a little satisfaction and comfort to his anxious parents.*" Is not this little incident in the College life of our young friend fraught with the true spirit of devoutness and filial piety?

His efforts, it appears, on this occasion were crowned with good success; and we find him immediately retiring from the congratulations of his friends, and all the exciting circumstances of the occasion, that he may go again to offer grateful praise to God, not only for success, but for a success that would *bring "comfort" to his parents.* This appears from the following extract.

"EXHIBITION DAY, October 20, 1835.

Thou, O God, hast permitted me to succeed in this day's attempt. I thank Thee. Give me strength, O Lord, to do thy will continually, and to thank Thee in that way which is most pleasing to Thee,—in an obedience to thy precepts. * * *

Thou hast given me opportunity to satisfy and comfort my anxious parents, who are deeply interested in my welfare. O Lord, give me power to please Thee and them, and may this day's success make me feel my obligation more, though it is now infinite."

It would be easy to multiply extracts of a similar kind from the manuscripts before us. But these may serve to show how habitually he lived in the conscious presence of his God, and how earn-

estly and devoutly he referred every thing to His paternal love and care.

After leaving College he took charge of an academy in Beverly, Essex County, (Mass.) in which vocation he labored as long as he lived. Here, as elsewhere, he was punctiliously faithful to the discharge of every known duty. His views of the office of a teacher were high, and he spared no effort to realize them in his own person. He felt that the moral as well as the mental improvement of his pupils was intrusted, in no small degree, to his care; and considered, therefore, that the best learned lesson was only half learned, if its religious uses were not brought to bear upon the heart. As he was scrupulously strict in his own claims upon himself, so he expected and required a similar strictness on the part of his pupils. But in all his requirements he was so obviously guided by elevated principle, and so moved by a single regard for the improvement of those committed to his care, that he was obeyed not less from sentiments of respect and love than from a principle of duty.

Among the painful regrets occasioned by his early, and, as it must seem to us, his untimely departure from the world, is that he was taken from leisurely but constant studies which had ultimate reference to a preparation for the Gospel ministry of Reconciliation; and that the Church is thus deprived of one, whose whole being would have been given to her service in a pure and perfect choice. But while we thus mourn over the rupture of the tenderest and most sacred ties, we are sustained by a strong trust and a sure hope, that he has gone from duty to reward, from trial here, to those "mansions" of eternal rest and peace, which our Lord has gone to prepare for those who love him.

J. B.

THE NORTHAMPTON ASSOCIATION OF EDUCATION AND INDUSTRY AND CÖOPERATIVE LABOR.

THE Northampton "Community" is but little known. Its leaders have shrunk from any appearance before the world while their hands were not freed from the shackles of debt. Injurious

reports have gone abroad about them, and unkindness has been manifested even by their neighbors. Yet on many accounts their enterprise is deeply, almost painfully, interesting. They possess the greatest privileges of any of the recent Associations; they enter upon them in the freest spirit; they have ventured farther than others in reliance upon one another and upon untried principles; they offer more immediate inducements, a greater variety of labor, larger household accommodation, and a wider diversity of tastes than are to be found elsewhere.

The Northampton Association was organized on the 8th of April, 1842, by the choice of J. Conant, S. L. Hill and W. Adam as President, Treasurer, and Secretary respectively, and as joint Trustees of the property. Mr. Conant has since, with several others, abandoned them. Their property consists principally of 470 acres of land, 70 of them covered with valuable timber, 6 frame houses, a brick factory, nearly new, four stories high, measuring 120 feet by 40, with a fall of 28 feet of water, and carrying all the necessary machinery for a very extensive manufactory of silk, a dye-house, a machine shop with water-wheel, a saw mill, a shingle mill, a planing machine, and a large amount of additional apparatus, machinery, wood, lumber, &c. The number of members at present is eighty, included in twenty-one families and comprising about thirty children.

This force is divided into several independent departments. Agriculture, Mechanical, Silk manufacture, Silk growing, Education, Lumber, Finance, Store, Domestic, are the principal; and give some idea of the diversity of occupation and the intricacy of affairs. The number belonging to each department cannot be ascertained, because it is never stationary. Sometimes twenty-five or thirty are engaged in farming; when some other business presses, not a sixth part continue on the soil. During the winter the whole force will be engaged in the woods: but, were capital at their command, instead of depending so much on the land, which is not remarkably good, their chief attention would be more profitably engaged in the factory. But one reason for this convertibility of labor, and for the by-law that "every member of the Industrial Community may devote himself to different departments of industry" is, that they seek the greatest possible improvement

of individual powers, and desire not that any one should grow up a mere machine with the narrowness which we observe in those who have never thought of doing but one thing. The extreme of civilization is in their view as bad as the extreme of barbarism, and as much to be shunned.

All labor is recorded by Professor Adam day by day, and hour by hour, for every member over five years. Eleven hours are the regular amount, but in some departments this would not be possible; the store, for instance, requiring but an hour of a man's time in the middle of the day, and teaching only permitting, in their present organization, about three hours from each instructor. And no compulsion, other than the general expectation that whoever can eat should work, is known. No rate of compensation for labor has yet been agreed upon; it depends upon the result of their experience of profit and loss. In domestic matters each one can do as he likes. All he uses is charged to him and deducted from his earnings. He can eat at the public table, or at his own, or partly at each. If he consumed more than he produced, more too than his labor added to the capital he had contributed, he would not be expected to remain, except in case of disease. Any such leak would be detected before long, and closed up before it had time to sink the ship. Gradually the separate families are coming to eat together, and thus save themselves the drain of hired labor. Lodging is provided in the factory for those who prefer it, and accommodation could be furnished there to a very large number.

Excepting the lessons given to classes at the scattered houses of the Fraternity, they possess no literary or religious privileges. They have no suitable building at present for lectures or discussions, no library, no scientific apparatus; all this remains in as rude a state as among the settlers in the back woods of the West. They are not agreed in any religious views; they will not even consent to the necessity of social worship. They unite in their interest in the slave, in their protest against war, sectarianism, party corruption and spiritual tyranny. They will hold no worship which implies the superiority of one man above his brother and his peculiar right to teach, administer and pray.

As a benevolent institution they appear willing to act up to their full ability. In case of sickness all things needful are provided at

the general charge. A large family of little ones seems to them no insuperable objection to a candidate for membership.

But enough has perhaps been said upon this novel and daring enterprise—enough to awaken attention; not enough, we trust, to fatigue it.

We would now present some obvious difficulties in the way of the success of any such enterprise, and suggest some objections which deserve to be well weighed. We desire the experiment may be fairly tried, and have faith any way that the result must be good for society, good in the calm satisfaction which the working out of restless hopes and undefined longings will give. We admire the fearlessness, the moral courage, the disinterestedness, the power of self-sacrifice, which animates the leaders of this social reform; we think it worthy, not of a better cause, but of a surer hope and a brighter destiny.

Dr. Channing has somewhere remarked, that whatever is unfavorable to any of the institutions of Heaven, and among them he classes the family, is therefore to be condemned. We object to the new Communities on this ground; we consider them necessarily, we see them to be practically, injurious to domestic ties. They disclaim any such purpose and eschew any such effect. But one thing after another, which enters into the privacy of home and makes the charm of the fireside, is given up, and the sacred and tender relations which cluster around the domestic hearth are necessarily exchanged for wider and less hallowed ties. At Mendon, for instance, all the families dwell beneath one roof; at Roxbury they all meet at one table;* at Northampton both arrangements are more and more approximated, as the plan of the institution develops itself. We do not know how it may be with others, but, next to family worship, which we suppose is not thought of in these societies, the meeting together three times a day at the same table we have always thought one of the principal expressions and excitements of domestic love. All may not feel the same: but very much of the brightness and strength of family ties would be lost to us, were our daily bread eaten in the haste, confusion, noise and selfishness of public tables. Then, if we add to this, the occupying of a few rooms boarded off roughly at one end of a factory,

* We believe our friend has been misinformed upon this point.—ED.

instead of the quiet and fixed home, with its separate stories for separate uses and its many a nook and cranny for the heart to hide in, it needs but a few steps more to drive this home-heartedness wholly out of doors, to substitute for that tender and peculiar interest which centres at the family altar the comparative indifference of the habitual frequenters of the market-place and the exchange.

A second difficulty strikes us. If with all the strength and tenderness of domestic attachment we find it hard to overlook others' peculiarities and tolerate others' weaknesses, how must it be in a family held by no tender or hallowed tie, a family only called together by accidental circumstances, by sympathy in one or two abstract opinions? While A, B, and C rent adjoining houses in a village, and pursue perhaps kindred avocations, but find few points of contact, all passes off generally in sufficient peace. But let these same quiet citizens come together within the same walls, bind themselves with far different capacity and idea to the selfsame work, and with widely various taste drink the same wine of blessing and break the same daily bread, how can differences be avoided? How can they be kept from festering into collision, disgust and final separation? I know that some such Associations have kept together. But, as far as my experience goes, the very bond which has proved thus inseparable is the one rejected with horror by these new Associations—the bond of religion. Any kind of fanaticism, any practice of superstition, any yoke of ceremony might move men's souls enough to make them forget all minor differences and live together in uninterrupted harmony. We see this in the monks' houses of Europe and the Shakers' establishments of America; and we shall see it no doubt, if the heart of faith is not quite dead, in the Protestant "Sisters of Charity" at Paris.

The only other objection we can ask room now to offer is, that in respect to labor this new movement seems to be retrograde, rather than in advance. We know, and mourn, that labor is not honored aright; that in all our cities so many still despise that physical toil necessary to their honest livelihood, and still more necessary to the true health of the physical man; that perhaps the very persons, now reversing the lesson of their lives, once dreaded to be seen with the sweat of toil upon their brow or the stain of mechanical labor on their hands. But the fact of their going now "where

the wild asses quench their thirst " in order to give themselves up to the severest field labor, deserting the business for which they were educated and rushing into one for which early training has disabled them, can hardly rescue any body from the curse of luxurious indolence or guard him against the suffering engendered by confinement, lassitude and ennui. Nay, the one extreme will even promote the other. The over-dose will increase the disease it would cure. The sneer against the comparatively fruitless toil of intellectual men, the outcry about the profanation of talents prepared for and dedicated to the highest work, can hardly fail of aggravating the old evil. And particularly, this violation of the well-known division of labor, this setting out to do everything equally, that is, to do nothing tolerably, this attempt to be, as the savage is, at once a farmer, mechanic, doctor, minister, teacher, &c. is such a manifest progress backwards that we cannot imagine its influence good upon the experimenter or the looker-on. The discovery made by a leading member in one of these Communities, that by an hour's teaching he could pay for the wood-sawing which would have cost him a whole day, and that the hard-fisted substitute would find a mere pastime in what must have prostrated the man of letters, may have been carried to excess in older countries, but bears such overpowering assurance of success, comfort and opulence that our times will exult over every new application of its labor-saving principle. Indeed, while this has persuaded us that the minute regulations of these reformed societies will benefit the world little more than the by-laws of a Lowell mill, we fear their influence on the society which overlook so needful a partition of talent and strength. Where each man attempts several kinds of work, passing without restraint from one business to another diametrically opposite, where thought and effort are not concentrated upon what they are trained to do well, but fritter themselves away upon strange and unadapted tasks, we tremble for the result. We would not predict confusion and poverty, but we see no bright promise gilding the future.* H.

* This course of remark is doubtless founded on the principle lying at the basis of the Industrial Community, as described on page 41, but the friends of the institution, we presume, do not intend to give its application such an extent as is here contemplated; and it should be remembered that neither at Northampton nor at any other of the new Communities can the permanent arrangements have been completed.—Ed.

NOTICES OF RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

MEMORIALS of the Rev. Daniel B. Parkhurst, Minister of the First Congregational Society in Deerfield. Comprising a Sketch of his Life and Character, by Samuel Willard; two Sermons selected from his Manuscripts by a Committee appointed by the Parish; and a few paragraphs from other papers. Boston. 1842. pp. 51, 8vo.

By these "Memorials" Dr. Willard has rendered a good service to the friends and acquaintances of Mr. Parkhurst. For the brief, but beautiful "Sketch of his life and character" they must feel under great obligations to him. With great fidelity and simplicity he has exhibited the interesting traits of Mr. Parkhurst's character, a character containing much to be loved, and much which may be studied with advantage by all who would labor successfully in the sacred profession to which he with such commendable zeal devoted his strength and wisdom. Mr. Parkhurst was a man of considerable promise. For the short time he was permitted to labor in the ministry he gave such indications of intellectual, social and moral adaptedness to his chosen and cherished profession, that his friends were justified in great expectations of him. In this delineation of his character and attainments it is possible that Dr. Willard has fallen a little too much into "an excess of encomium." That in his character there were some great excellencies cannot be doubted, but that they "surpassed all that is common to persons of his age" may perhaps be questioned. At least the specimens of sermons given do not fully justify this eulogy. They present greater indications of haste than of thought or enthusiasm. They however show a warm and earnest heart, a heart moved by love to God and love to man.

From reading these "Memorials" we cannot but feel, that the First Parish in Deerfield have been sorely afflicted in the early death of this truly pious and devoted minister of the Gospel of Christ. Had he lived, there is every reason to believe that he would have proved a faithful and efficient teacher of righteousness.

Being a man of sober thought and of a godly life, he could not have been other than a successful laborer in the vineyard of his Lord and Master. We hope that one of a like spirit will be found to sustain the ministry which he was called so soon to leave.

SEVENTEENTH ANNUAL REPORT of the *Board of Managers of the Prison Discipline Society.* Boston. 1842. pp. 110, 8vo.

WE have been, for several years, accustomed to look to these Reports for instructive and interesting statistics in relation to the various objects embraced within the care of this Society. And though these are occasionally presented under a phraseology which neither for its just taste nor theological sentiment we can approve, yet for the important information conveyed, for the fearless exposure of abuses, and the gratifying results exhibited we have felt ourselves, with the whole community, under obligations to its devoted Secretary.

In this Report, under the respective heads of "Diminution of Crime," "Penitentiaries and Prisons," "Pennsylvania system of Prison Discipline," and "Asylums for Lunatics," will be found, as usual, many important facts. Especially under the last—always to us a topic of most commanding interest—we see how much has been already done, and how much remains to be done; how much occasion there is for our satisfaction; and how much too, on the other hand, for our indignation and pity in regard to this unfortunate class of our fellow-creatures. We trust that Mr. Dwight will not intermit for an hour his labors, till the abuses of Lunatic Asylums and cruelties to lunatics in prisons—of which he gives some astounding disclosures—have wholly ceased.

But we cannot speak with equal satisfaction of the manner in which the Secretary has thought fit to present the first topic of this Report. It occupies twenty pages, of which no less than fourteen are filled with a detailed report of conversations held by Mr. Dwight with, as he is here styled, "a Black man, called Jack Hodges;" first in the Auburn Prison, to which on trial for murder he was sentenced for twenty-one years, and afterwards, upon his

pardon and release, at the residence of the lady with whom he lived, at Canandaigua. Now with the history of "Jacob Hodges," in itself, it is impossible for any one of the most ordinary sensibility not to feel the deepest interest; and as with great felicity presented by Rev. Mr. Thompson in his funeral sermon, here given, it may be read with tears of grateful pleasure by Christians of every name. Who with the feelings of a man or of a Christian could fail to rejoice in the example it holds forth—as far as human judgment may venture to pronounce—of a sincere and effectual conversion? But a narrative so touching in itself, if only told with simplicity, is spoiled by the distasteful phraseology which Mr. Dwight has seen fit to print, and by the needless circumstances he has introduced. As a friend to this excellent Society, we are bound to express our decided objection to the admission into its Reports and Documents of "conversations" like these. Our interest in its objects and our joy in the good it has already accomplished make us unfeignedly desirous, that it should have the confidence and co-operation of all classes of our fellow-citizens and fellow-Christians. But this may not be, while its Reports, its public meetings, or its measures are marked by a sectarian theology. Nor can it be deemed reasonable, that an institution sustained, as is the Prison Discipline Society, to so large an extent, by the annual and Life subscriptions of one class of Christians, should directly or indirectly be made an instrument of promoting the peculiar views of another class. If such should be the result, it must infallibly lose the confidence and support it has hitherto, in no scanty measure, received from those who, while happy to unite with their brethren of every name in objects of Christian philanthropy, are constrained by their deepest convictions to withhold aid, in any shape, to an exclusive or—in their view—unscriptural faith.

TRINITARIANISM EXAMINED AND REJECTED. *By Elder Jabez Chadwick, A. M.* Auburn, N. Y. 1842. pp. 64, 12mo.

THIS pamphlet is entitled to notice by the circumstances of its author and by its own character. *Elder Chadwick* is one, among

other ministers in the State of New York, who has lately been converted from Trinitarianism to Unitarianism; and is laboring for the truth as he now holds it, by travelling as a missionary, and distributing this tract, showing at length the reasons of his change. It is a lucid and fair statement, containing nothing new for those familiar with the controversy, but going very carefully, often ably and with entire candor, it seems to us, into an examination of every important passage used in support of the Trinity. In conclusion, the writer says, "I was probably as well versed in Trinitarian Theology, as most who embrace it. But I am now soberly convinced, that the evidence on which I then relied did not embrace the genuine sense of the Scriptures; and of course, I frankly own that I have changed my opinion. And I confidently believe that if my former Trinitarian brethren would go thoroughly into this examination, they would find that they have not heretofore been as wise as they may be, and that they also would perceive abundant occasion to relinquish the doctrine which I have opposed."

SPIRITUAL RENEWAL THE GREAT WORK OF THE CHRISTIAN CHURCH AND MINISTRY. *A Sermon preached at the Ordination of Rev. Frederic D. Huntington as Pastor of the South Congregational Church, in Boston, October 19, 1842. By George Putnam, Minister of the First Church in Roxbury.* Boston: William Crosby & Co. 1842. [With the Charge, &c.] pp. 40, 8vo.

WE welcome this Discourse to its second edition, as giving evidence, that the sentiments it enforces have found the way which their truth and importance demand. Our Ordination services, in addition to the interest they never fail to excite in those immediately concerned, furnish excellent opportunities for the illustration of doctrines and principles essential to the ministry as well as to the church. And of the many valuable discourses which these occasions have called forth, we can recall few which we regard with more satisfaction than this before us. Both in the topics selected and the whole course of illustration it is admirably adapted to the exigencies of the times.

"Spiritual renewal," or the introduction into the soul of a vital religious faith, of new and vivid conceptions of spiritual realities and moral excellence, awakening new moral forces in man, revealing to him at once his needs, his powers, his duties and his destiny—this is the great work of the Christian minister; this is the end, which it belongs to the Christian church to accomplish; for the best description of which the term *renewal* is to be preferred to any other. And when this renewal is begun in the individual heart, when the great Christian principle is established first and foremost among the springs of action, then, and not till then, does practical preaching, or the inculcation of Christian morality obtain its proper influence on the hearer. "It is of little or no avail to preach Christian morality to the unchristianized heart. The mind must be predisposed to morality, or else it needs something else than moralizing." This is the leading principle of the Discourse; and in the application made of it, both as pointing to the ministry its duties, and as explaining the causes of the inefficacy of mere moral preaching separate from this principle, we find much worthy of the deep reflection of every conscientious preacher. Whose experience may not have taught him, that the inculcation, even the most earnest and reiterated, of a particular virtue, or denunciations the most alarming of a particular sin, as of intemperance, licentiousness or dishonesty, fail of their power, unless in connexion with the sanctifying influences of the Christian regeneration?—In the remarks of Mr. Putnam on the true theory of the Church, and the consequent duty of its ministers in relation to the various social moral reforms, and organizations for their promotion, signalizing these days, we heartily concur; and if, among other evil tendencies of the times, there be some disposition, as we fear, to depreciate the ministry and "the Church institution" as wanting efficiency for these ends, we wish it may be remembered, that "all the moral life there is in such reforms has come out of the Christian Church," and that "but for the Church they would never have been dreamed of."

Of the other services of the occasion—the Charge by the venerable father of the Pastor elect, the Right Hand of Fellowship by Rev. J. I. T. Coolidge, and the Address to the Society by Rev. George E. Ellis, we have only space to remark, that they were

wholly appropriate to the occasion, and will be read, as we know they were heard, with satisfaction.

We congratulate our brethren of the South Congregational church on their prospects from this new relation; and are confident that they will not fail to unite with their bright anticipations of the future their grateful and respectful remembrances of their late Pastor, "than whom" in the words of the Address, which we cordially repeat, "they may not hope to find one more devoted to his work, more exemplary in ministerial character, faithfulness and virtue."

A DISCOURSE in Memory of John Abbot Emery, Member of the Senior Class in Harvard University, delivered in the Chapel, November 6, 1842. By William B. O. Peabody, Minister in Springfield. Cambridge. 1842. pp. 20, 8vo.

THIS Discourse was requested for publication by the Class of which Mr. Emery was a member—"not," as was said in their note to the Author, "merely from regard to its beauty and eloquence, but that they may possess a tribute which shall always remind them of the virtues of their departed friend, and of the pastor whose instructions did so much to rear them."

The text is the fifth verse of the twelfth chapter of Ecclesiastes: "They shall be afraid of that which is high." After having briefly alluded to the representation of old age which "the Preacher" had portrayed by images of desolate and helpless decay, familiar and striking to an Oriental mind, Mr. Peabody introduces his subject by saying that the dreariest part of this description is in the words, "afraid of that which is high;" which relate not so much to physical infirmity—inability to ascend the tower or the mountain, as to that distrustful fear, that want of confidence in high attainments, hopes and endeavors, which, after all, is the "sere and yellow leaf" which gives the deepest sadness to life's closing days. The hopes which "the aged fear," but which the young have a right to indulge, are next briefly spoken of—the hope of happiness proceeding from a right use of the powers and affections

—and the thirst for excellence. An affectionate tribute to the worthy and interesting character of young Emery with whom the author was well acquainted from his earliest years, together with such moral instructions as his life and death suggested, occupy the remainder of the discourse. Mr. Peabody awards the highest meed of praise to his young friend. The intellectual, the moral, and the religious characteristics of Mr. Emery are each in turn displayed and illustrated with much warmth and beauty of language, and the valuable lessons which may be drawn from them are impressed upon his surviving companions with an affectionate earnestness well calculated to carry them home to the heart.

A DISCOURSE on the Covenant with Judas, Preached in Hollis Street Church, Nov. 6, 1842. By John Pierpont. Boston: Little & Brown. 1842. pp. 39, 8vo.

THIS is a remarkable sermon, or rather a discourse composed of two sermons; one of which was "fully written out" when preached, while the other, "delivered chiefly from notes," has been prepared for the press by following as closely as possible "the train of thought and argument," though not "the language as spoken." It is remarkable, for the use made of the title and text, for the ability with which the argument is conducted, and the ingenuity with which it is applied, and for the nature of the subjects which the preacher saw fit to draw into discussion in the pulpit. The text is from Matthew xxvi. 15: "They covenanted with him for thirty pieces of silver;" and if we had proceeded no farther than the introduction, in which is intimated a resemblance between the history of the Saviour betrayed by his false disciple, and the case of Latimer, the colored man whose recent imprisonment in this city on the demand of one who claimed him as his slave has been the occasion of much excitement, we should have had only an unmingled feeling of pain. But after this unhappy comparison Mr. Pierpont enters upon an examination of the authority, or binding force, of all covenants, promises or oaths to do what without such

an engagement is confessedly wrong, and after a condensed, but clear and conclusive argument,—founded upon a consideration alike of those relations in which we are placed without our own act and choice, and of those which are voluntarily assumed,—arrives at the principle, “that no vow or oath to do that which is forbidden by any law of God, or not to do that which is required, is of any binding force, or imposes any obligation whatever; let the solemnities of the oath be as awful, and let the penalties imprecated with it, at the hand of either man or God, be as severe or as fearful as they may.”

In the second part of the discourse, after noticing one or two texts which may be thought to impugn the validity of this principle, Mr. Pierpont shows its bearing upon some of the cases recorded in Scripture, “of vows to do a wrong, by violating a natural right;” viz. Jephtha’s vow (Judges xi,) Herod’s oath (Matthew xiv,) the oath of the forty conspirators against Paul (Acts xxiii,) and the covenant between the chief priests and Judas Iscariot. Upon each of these passages we are constrained to say that the reasoning is to us unsatisfactory and we believe might be shown to be unsound, and that the incidental argument by which the author endeavors to fortify his main principle serves only to show its strength by contrast. He then approaches the case of immediate interest in this community at the time of the delivery of the discourse, and having stated that the pursuer of the alleged slave demands his surrender—“by virtue of a *covenant*, which, it is said, our fathers made with the Virginian’s fathers, that in such cases the fugitive should be given up,” proposes and answers these two inquiries; “first, is it so; secondly, what if it is so?” Upon the first question he raises an argument on the language of the Constitution of the United States, which to us seems more sophistical than agreeable to the interpretation which the common sense of most men would put upon that instrument, and replies, “that in” his “judgment, it is not so.” To the second question he replies, after an application of the principle established in the former part of the discourse, that the clause of the Constitution appealed to, if it must be construed in the common way, is “of no binding force,” and that neither the oath of a Judge under this Constitution, nor the *erroneous* idea of a compromise upon the subject of Slavery at the time of its adoption, nor

the *presumed* fact, that the South came into the Union only on this condition, can justify a regard to the provision which it contains. The discussion is closed by an appeal to the audience upon the immorality of allowing "the Constitution of these United States to over-ride God's laws." "If on my heavenward journey I see even this Constitution standing in my path, like the visionary ladder of the patriarch, it shall not hinder—it shall help me on my way; for I will mount upward by treading it under my feet."

We have neither inclination nor room to say what might be said in regard to this whole course of remark; nor can we extend this notice, except to express our strong persuasion, that the pulpit and the Lord's day are not the time and the place most suitable for such discussions as are presented in the concluding pages of this discourse.

MARY'S CHOICE: *or The Good Part Preferred.* By J. K. Waite.
Boston: B. H. Greene. 1843. pp. 42, 18mo.

MR. WAITE deserves commendation for the rare merit of having accomplished, in this little volume, just what he professes to have accomplished. The book makes no promises, in its preface and in its general style and air, which it does not fulfil. The design is modest, and it is modestly executed. The contents consist almost wholly of an appeal to man's desire of happiness, in behalf of a religious life. The argument takes no higher or wider range, and within these limits is forcibly presented. A comparison runs through all the pages, between the pleasures offered by worldliness and by religion; and the testimony of the Christian whose experiences have made trial of both, is placed over against the weaker testimony of the faithless sensualist who knows nothing but of one. The Author's purpose is to expose the mistake and the delusion of the unspiritual. Of course his attempt is suited to effect this object with the thoughtless, rather than with those who have thought much and are yet without light. It does not meet the speculative unbeliever on speculative grounds. It aims directly, to quicken and change the heart, and belongs consequently to a class of efforts in authorship of which we have too few.

INTELLIGENCE.

ORDINATION IN BOSTON, MASS.—Rev. Amos Smith, of Boston, lately a member of the Theological School at Cambridge, was ordained as Colleague Pastor of the New North Church and Society in Boston, on Wednesday evening, December 7, 1842. The services were conducted as follows:—Introductory Prayer, by Rev. Mr. Coolidge of Boston; Selections from the Scriptures, by Rev. Mr. Sargent of Boston; Sermon, by Rev. Dr. Parkman, who this evening kept the twenty-ninth anniversary of his own settlement over the New North Church; Charge, by Rev. Mr. Gannett of Boston; Right Hand of Fellowship, by Rev. Mr. Huntington of Boston; Concluding Prayer, by Rev. Mr. Bartol of Boston.

Dr. Parkman took his text from Ephesians iv. 11-13: "He gave * * * pastors and teachers * * * for the work of the ministry, for the edifying of the body of Christ; till we all come, in the unity of the faith and of the knowledge of the Son of God, unto a perfect man, unto the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ;" and in his discourse proceeded to consider the work of the Christian ministry—in respect to its nature, and its qualifications. The origin of this institution—in the wisdom of its Founder, and its admirable suitableness to the spiritual wants and condition of man, were illustrated; and its independence of all visions of an Apostolical succession or sacerdotal pedigree, or of any other condition of a true ministry than the personal gifts and graces of those by whom it is sustained, was shown by a reference to names honored in the annals of the Church, but belonging to its different denominations. The qualifications for a proper discharge of this office were briefly stated to be, learning, piety, and charity; and more at length, a spirit of faith, faith in Christ Jesus; of judgment, or religious wisdom, in estimating the objects to be pursued, and the methods to be adopted for their accomplishment; and of devotedness, or consecration to the work, as demanded especially in these times of theory and change, and as exemplified in the earlier days of the New England clergy. The sermon was closed by appropriate addresses to the candidate whom the preacher welcomed to a participation in his own ministry, and to the members of the Society who had invited him to occupy this place.

The New North Church dates its existence from the year 1714, since which time six ministers have been settled over it, all of them graduates of Harvard College, viz. Rev. John Webb, whose ministry extended

from 1714 to 1750; Rev. Peter Thacher, from 1723 to 1739; Rev. Andrew Eliot, D. D., from 1742 to 1778; Rev. John Eliot, D. D., from 1779 to 1813; Rev. Francis Parkman, D. D., ordained December 8, 1813; Rev. Amos Smith, December 7, 1842. Of these six, it is a singular circumstance, that only one passed through his ministry without being associated with a colleague.

DEDICATION IN PETERSHAM, MASS.—The meeting-house erected the past season by the First Congregational Society in Petersham was dedicated to God, on Wednesday, December 14, 1842, by appropriate services, viz. Introductory Prayer, by Rev. Mr. Nightingale of Athol; Reading of the Scriptures, by Rev. Mr. Bradford of Hubbardston; Sermon, by the Pastor, Rev. Mr. Gage; Prayer of Dedication, by Rev. Dr. Thompson of Barre; Address to the Society, by Rev. Dr. Willard of Deerfield; Concluding Prayer, by Rev. Mr. Harding of New Salem.

Mr. Gage took for his text Psalm l. 2: "Out of Zion, the perfection of beauty, God hath shined." The object of the sermon, after a brief introduction, was, to show, in the first place, that the Gospel is a perfect system of truth and duty, precisely fitted to accomplish the purposes contemplated by the mission of Christ. That it is a perfect system of truth and duty was argued from its source—the Fountain of truth, overshadowed by no clouds, tainted by no impurities; from its obvious design viz. to act upon, enlighten, purify and strengthen man's noblest capacities, his moral and spiritual nature; and from the fact of its present existence in the world—a position it could not have held, considering the condition of the Heathen world and the character of human nature, unless it had been from God. The beneficial tendencies of the Gospel were then pointed out,—in the general diffusion of intelligence, to which its true spirit and instructions are favorable; in its abundantly benevolent tendencies; in its agency in doing good to mankind in their temporal relations and interests; in its instrumentality in aiding mankind to control their appetites and passions, to check the dominion and destroy the fruits of sin—a productive source of human misery; in its efficacy in affording comfort and consolation in the dark hour of affliction, and in preparing the soul for heaven. These several points were illustrated, in a discourse of about an hour's length.

The house contains 80 pews upon the floor, and will seat about 600 people. It is a handsome edifice, 80 feet in length by 50 in breadth, with a projecting pediment in front, supported by six beautiful fluted columns. The prospect is, that every pew and seat will be occupied. The pulpit is one of unusual richness and elegance. The whole is

finished with much taste, and reflects great credit upon the Society. Though there are two other societies in town, the Unitarian is much the largest. The church numbers about 170 members. The Sunday School has 200 scholars, and is in a very efficient and flourishing condition.

THE MISSIONARY MOVEMENT.—Since our last number was published, in which we gave an account of a systematic effort which it is proposed to make in the churches of our denomination, to increase the annual amount of contributions for the spread of Christian truth and righteousness, the Circular of which we then spoke has been addressed to the ministers of our congregations by the sub-committee. We conceive that we shall best promote the object in view by copying the closing sentences of this Circular.

"As a Sub-Committee of this body, we address you this communication. We deem it unnecessary to say any thing in addition to the Report, which we request you to circulate extensively among the members of your Society, or have them made acquainted with its contents, in such way as your judgment may deem best.

To us, the enterprise contemplated seems truly noble and Christian in its character, free from sectarianism, resting upon the broad and impregnable grounds of duty, appealing at once to the conscience and the sympathies of every Christian heart.

The plan submitted, and in accordance with which money is to be raised and expended in behalf of important Christian objects, appears to us wise and catholic, simple in its principle, comprehensive in its application. It combines, as we think, as far as it is possible to combine them, individual liberty in the designation of subscriptions with the strength and efficiency of associated action, is adapted to meet the various shades of opinion and feeling that exist among us, to awaken the interest, and bring out and unite the whole moral and pecuniary strength of our brethren in all parts of our country, in efforts to diffuse Christian influences, and promote the spread of truth, righteousness and piety.

It is left to each Society to adopt its own course of action, and to collect its subscriptions in such manner as it may deem most expedient. We only ask you to bring this subject before your Congregation for their serious consideration, and in the name of our common Master, and in behalf of the great interests to be promoted, we ask them and you to give to this enterprise such aid as your ability will permit and your convictions of duty dictate."

FOREFATHERS' DAY.—We attended a meeting the other evening, of a highly appropriate and agreeable kind, yet, we believe, a solitary example instead of being, as we could have wished, one among many

similar celebrations. It seems strange that in this city, fond as the people are of keeping anniversaries and listening to occasional discourses, "forefathers' day," the anniversary of the landing of the men who laid the foundations of the New England character and institutions, should be celebrated only here and there by a "family meeting." The "Pilgrim Society" at Plymouth hold their public celebration once in five years, and the New York "New England Society" have an annual discourse and dinner, but in Boston the day passes almost without notice. This year however the exception occurred, to which we have alluded. The "Church of the Disciples"—under the pastoral care of Rev. J. F. Clarke—celebrated the "Festival of the Pilgrims" by converting one of their usual meetings into an occasion for a special service. On the evening of the 22d of December they met, with invited friends, in Ritchie Hall, where prayers were offered by Rev. Mr. Clarke and Rev. S. J. May, odes—those well-known and admirable compositions of Judge Davis and Mrs. Hemans—were sung, an address was delivered by John A. Andrew Esq., and a poem by Rev. Mr. Clarke, and "conversation" or extemporaneous remarks, by Messrs. Savage, Waterston, Bemis, Gannett and May occupied the remainder of the evening. It was altogether a pleasant and useful occasion.

NEW PLAN OF SOCIAL LIFE.—A pamphlet has fallen into our hands, printed in England, but exhibiting ideas which it is proposed to reduce to practice in our own neighborhood. It may be known to our readers that Mr. A. B. Alcott, whose peculiar management of a school for young children in this city drew attention to him some years ago, and whose later remarks at Conventions, and "Orphic Sayings" in print, have awakened admiration in some minds and given pain to others, went to England several months since for the benefit of his health. It appears that he there found some reformers of a congenial mould, and before his return to this country a plan seems to have been adopted for prosecuting in the quiet town of Concord, some twenty miles or less from this good city of Boston, an experiment for the planting of a "new Eden." On his return home Mr. Alcott was accompanied by the two gentlemen whose names, with his own, are appended to the document before us, from which we propose to make a few extracts. These gentlemen, we understand, have held one or two meetings for "conversation" in this city, at which they have presented some of their views respecting "the aims and means of human culture." The pamphlet to which we refer contains a notice of a "Convention" upon this subject, held before their departure from England.

"On Wednesday, the 6th of July, 1842, an open meeting of persons interested in human destiny was held at Mr. Wright's, Alcott House School, Ham, Surrey, England, to define the aims and initiate the means of human culture.

Mr. A. BRONSON ALCOTT, of Boston, U. S., was invited to preside; but, faithful to the authority of Chairs or Presidents, he was not formally appointed, and the company proceeded to business in good order, based on the spontaneous feeling in each.

The subject of human culture having been introduced, a lively and prolonged colloquy ensued, distinguished by great cordiality of feeling and unanimity of thought. The following papers were then successively presented, and, having been approved, were recommended to be printed, for the consideration of the thoughtful of all classes. These papers, it will be perceived, may be distinguished as exponents, first, of the Reformation; second, of the Transition; and third, of the Formation of Man and Society."

The first of these papers, entitled "Reformation," begins with an exposition of the necessary reforms.

"That an integral reform will comprise, not only an amendment in our (1) Corn Laws, (2) Monetary Arrangements, (3) Penal Code, (4) Education, (5) the Church, (6) the Law of Primogeniture, (7) Divorce; but will extend to questions yet publicly unmooted or unfavorably regarded, such as (1) that of a reliance on Commercial Prosperity, (2) a belief in the value of the purest conceivable Representative Legislature, (3) the right of man to inflict Pain on man, (4) the demand for a purer Generation in preference to a better Education, (5) the reign of Love in Man instead of human Opinions, (6) the restoration of all things to their primitive Owner, and hence the abrogation of Property, either individual or collective, and (7) the Divine Sanction, instead of the Civil and Ecclesiastical authority, for Marriage."

The second paper informs us, that to the friends of this enterprise, "longing to assert the transcendency of divine humanity over all creeds, sayings, and theories, the question occurred, 'How shall we find bread for the support of our bodies;' and though they "proposed reducing their wants to nature's simplest needs," they "learned with dismay that the spirit which monopolizes bread and other constituents of life, denounced from the bosom of society, 'You shall not live a conscientious life.'" Upon pushing still farther their inquiries, the discoveries which they made were so mournful, that they came to this decision.

"We, therefore, ignore human governments, creeds, and institutions; we deny the right of any man to dictate laws for our regulation, or duties for our performance; and declare our allegiance only to Universal Love, the all-embracing Justice."

The third paper, as an "exponent of the purposes contemplated by the founders of this new social order, we present without abridgment; and for the information of those who may be desirous of joining in the endeavor to plant a Paradise where man may be "untempted by evil"—

such therefore as did not fall to the lot of Adam—we copy the notice at the close.

“That in order to attain the highest excellence of which man is capable, not only is a searching Reform necessary in the existing order of men and things, but the Generation of a new race of persons is demanded, who shall project institutions and initiate conditions altogether original, and commensurate with the being and wants of humanity.

That the germs of this new generation are even now discoverable in human beings, but have been hitherto either choked by ungenial circumstances, or, having borne fruit prematurely or imperfectly, have attained no abiding growth.

That the elements for a superior germination consist in an innocent fertile mind, and a chaste healthful body, built up from the purest and most volatile productions of the uncontaminated earth; thus removing all hindrances to the immediate influx of Deity into the spiritual faculties and corporeal organs. Hence the true Generator’s attention will be drawn to whatsoever pertains to the following constituents of Man and of Society:—

Primarily, Marriage and the Family Life, including, of course, the Breeding and Education of Children.

Secondly, Housewifery and Husbandry.

Thirdly, The relations of the Neighborhood.

Fourthly, Man’s relation to the Creator.

It is obvious, that society, as at present constituted, invades all and every one of these relations; and it is, therefore, proposed to select a spot whereon the new Eden may be planted, and man may, untempted by evil, dwell in harmony with his Creator, with himself, his fellows, and with all external natures.

On a survey of the present civilized world, Providence seems to have ordained the United States of America, more especially New England, as the field wherein this idea is to be realized in actual experience; and, trusting in the faith which inspires, the hope which ensures, and the power which enacts, a few persons, both in the new country and the old, are uniting their efforts to secure, at the earliest possible moment, and by the simplest possible means, a consummation so sublime, so humane, so divine.

A. BRONSON ALCOTT. CHARLES LANE. HENRY G. WRIGHT.

* * Persons interested in this endeavor may address the parties either at Alcott House, Ham, Surrey, in England, or at Concord, near Boston, in the United States of America.”

BOSTON QUARTERLY REVIEW.—This Journal, which since its commencement, five years ago, has been under the charge of Rev. O. A. Brownson, and which has been principally supplied with articles from his pen, is now discontinued, having been “merged” in the *Democratic Review*. “An arrangement to this effect,” he informs his readers with the closing number, “has been made with the proprietors of that Jour-

nal, very much to his satisfaction, and which promises to be much to his pecuniary advantage." He adds, that "an arrangement has also been made with the editor of the *Democratic Review*, by which the past editor of the *Boston Quarterly Review* is to be a regular contributor to its pages, and by which he is to be permitted to select his own topics of discussion, and to discuss them in his own way, as freely as if it were his own Journal." In execution of this arrangement Mr. Brownson has already commenced in the pages of the *Democratic Review* an exposition of his system of philosophy. The last number of the *Boston Quarterly* is entirely occupied with a review of Mr. Parker's "Discourse on Matters pertaining to Religion," which is examined "book by book, and in some instances chapter by chapter," the writer being directly at issue with Mr. Parker on most of the points which he considers, entertaining, as he "suspects," "radically different conceptions of Christianity," and declaring that he "can conceive nothing more superficial and unsatisfactory than his statements, unless it be his own past *Protestant* declamations."—Mr. Brownson, we learn, preaches every Sunday to a congregation, not yet organized into a religious Society, but meeting for worship in Ritchie Hall in this city.

NOTICES OF DEATH OF DR. CHANNING IN GREAT BRITAIN.—The late arrivals from England have brought us many proofs of the estimation in which Dr. Channing was held abroad, and the deep sorrow which was felt on receiving the intelligence of his death. The Editor of the *Christian Pioneer*, published in Edinburgh, says: "Eulogy, on our part, of this preeminently great and good man, this faithful citizen, this practical disciple of the Saviour, were a vain labor. He is honored and revered by the thousands and tens of thousands whose minds his writings have enlightened, whose hearts they have tended to purify, whose pathway of life they have brightened, whose trust in the Father of mercies they have deepened, whose hope of immortality they have rendered firm and abiding. The newspapers of Great Britain, of every party, have vied with each other in expressions of admiration of the character and labors of Dr. Channing. In most of the pulpits of our denomination services in reference to the melancholy intelligence have, we believe, been conducted." The *Bible Christian*, of Belfast, Ireland, closes a memoir of his life in this manner: "From the importance of his services in the cause of religion and humanity, when living, his death will be deeply and extensively felt as an almost irreparable loss. * * * Let us rather rejoice with heartfelt gratitude for what we have gained by his life, than mourn for what we have lost by his death. * * * Let us, who have been his cotemporaries, remember his services and cher-

ish his memory ; and grateful generations yet to come, while they study those monuments of his genius which will ever endure, will emulate the virtues and venerate the name of William Ellery Channing." The Editor of the *Christian Reformer*, published in London, introduces several pages of notices copied from American publications with these words: "The decease of this admirable man has produced a deep sensation in England as well as America. We shall hereafter, we trust, be able to give a full memoir of him. In the mean time, we shall insert from time to time such notices of the deceased as we can gather from the periodicals of both countries and other sources."

The General Committee of the British and Foreign Unitarian Association held a special meeting on the 8th of November, "to take into consideration some tribute of respect to the memory of the late Rev. Dr. Channing," at which resolutions were passed, which have already been reprinted in this country, expressive of the grief awakened by the tidings of his death; the admiration in which they, in common with "a large portion of the British people," held "his great and extraordinary talents," which they "rejoiced in seeing devoted to the sacred cause of Freedom, Humanity, and Christian Truth, which he supported and adorned no less by his virtues than by his splendid intellectual endowments;" and their gratitude to Him "who in the course of his Providence qualified and disposed this distinguished philanthropist to embrace and defend that form of the religion of Jesus Christ which Unitarian Christians derive from the holy Scriptures."

By many of the Unitarian ministers special discourses were preached, several of which have been printed. A friend writing us from Bristol says: "In most of our churches funeral sermons have been preached in honor of his sacred memory, and at Lewin's Mead [chapel] the pulpit and desk are hung with mourning, and are so to continue for a month from the period when the sad intelligence of his death reached us." We have received discourses preached in Little Carter Lane, in Essex Street, and in Little Portland Street Chapels, in London, by Rev. Dr. Hutton, Rev. Mr. Madge, and Rev. Mr. Tagart, and in Bristol, by Rev. Mr. Armstrong; besides which we see advertised sermons by Rev. Mr. Aspland of Hackney, Rev. Mr. Robberds of Manchester, Rev. Mr. Kell of Newport, and Rev. Mr. Lewis of Cheltenham. We shall take occasion to notice these hereafter.

It is gratifying to find that a purpose which has for some time been contemplated, of providing a cheap edition of Dr. Channing's writings for English readers, is sure of accomplishment. Rev. Mr. Maclellan, formerly of Edinburgh, and now of Bridport, has been much interested in obtaining a subscription for this object, and from the subjoined letter addressed to the editors of the Unitarian periodicals already quoted, it

appears that he has not labored in vain. There are many English editions of separate pamphlets from Dr. Channing's pen, some of which are sold at a very low price; but the only two complete (foreign) editions of his writings, with which we are acquainted, are that published by Messrs. Hedderwick of Glasgow, in five volumes, beautifully printed, and sold for about thirty shillings *sterling*; and that published in Belfast in one large 8vo. volume, and sold for nine shillings. From Mr. Maclellan's note it appears that the edition for which he has made arrangements, printed, as we understand, from the same plates as the last mentioned, will be furnished to subscribers for less than four shillings, or about ninety cents. The specimen which we have seen presents a neat and clear page.

"PEOPLE'S EDITION" OF CHANNING.

"Sir,—Your numerous readers will doubtless be gratified to hear that the total number of subscribers to my Channing now amounts to 2800, and that the work is actually in the press.

I have entrusted its execution to those spirited publishers, Messrs. Simms and McIntyre of Belfast, who have come forth, in the most generous manner, to aid me in the realization of my project.

The book itself will be struck from the same stereotype plates used by them for their beautiful 2 vol. edition, lately published. The size will be demy 8vo—the type, long primer; it will contain about 1120 pages, and will be supplied to subscribers at 3s. 9d., sewed in a printed wrapper; or in cloth boards, with gilt title, for 8d. additional. Should I decide on prefixing a Memoir, 4d. more must be appended to the price; i. e. to those who take the memoir; to others the cost will be as I have stated.

The work will, I trust, be ready some time in January; so not a week is to be lost by those who still wish to subscribe: as before, I must decline all orders for less than *ten* copies.—I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

ROBERT E. B. MACLELLAN."

Bridport, 11th Nov. 1842.

EMANCIPATION IN JAMAICA, W. L.—A gentleman formerly of Boston, who has recently returned from a residence in this island, and who is on the point of establishing himself there in one of the largest silk establishments probably in the world, gives a very encouraging report of the results of Emancipation. After long experience, after having had to wrestle with prejudices so common in New England against the colored race, he does not hesitate to pronounce the free blacks of Jamaica the best peasantry he has ever seen. Their docility, fidelity, orderly habits, and general propriety of conduct are all that could be desired. The price of labor averages about a quarter of a dollar a day,

and they seem anxious to be employed. But a very pleasant feature among them is the eagerness after knowledge. The school reports of Kingston prove the black pupils to be more capable or more assiduous than the white. You can get a colored boy to do any thing for you by offering him instruction. It has been difficult to get them to leave their books at night and go to their rest, when they found themselves where this once unknown privilege could be enjoyed. They enter with zest into the use of religious opportunities. We wish a better class of missionaries could go amongst them. The population is 450,000.

PROTESTANT SISTERS OF CHARITY.—A correspondent of the Boston Recorder, Rev. Mr. Baird, we suppose, in an account of the late anniversaries of Protestant Societies in Paris describes an institution, which seems to us calculated to retain the benefits and avoid the evils of similar establishments in the Romish Church, from which the idea was evidently borrowed, and therefore to promise much usefulness. We quote his words.

"Sunday afternoon there was an interesting service, which was attended by many of the pastors, and by many of the most influential French Christians in Paris. It was a sort of dedication of the House for *Protestant Sisters of Charity* which has been lately opened near to the Barriere de Charenton; which is on the eastern side of the city, and not far from the village of Charenton, so famous for being the place where was for a long time the only church for worship for the Protestants of Paris and its environs, and where many persons were killed in the year 1621. Your readers will be surprised to hear of an order of *Protestant Sisters of Charity*, or *Deaconesses* as they sometimes are called. But they must not confound this movement with any thing like Puseyism. It is nothing of that sort. But it has long been felt, that Protestant women of piety and devotedness were needed to look after the Protestants who might be sick at the hospitals. They are needed to look after the sick at home, as well as to hunt up the children of the poor. In these old countries something of the kind is needed. At any rate the experiment is an interesting one. A house and garden have been bought, every way suitable for the object, and properly fitted up. Seven pious unmarried women, of good report, have entered this establishment—not under a vow of celibacy, or even an engagement to spend their lives in it; they have liberty to leave it whenever they please. They have a Lady Superior, to whom they render a general obedience. Their dress is of black, save that of the head, which consists of a white cap and veil. The prospect is, that this movement will lead to the formation of Houses of *Protestant Sisters of Charity* in many places in France. Already there is one in Strasburg, under the name of *Deaconesses*. The service to which I have alluded consisted of prayers, addresses, and the singing of hymns. It was both appropriate and edifying."